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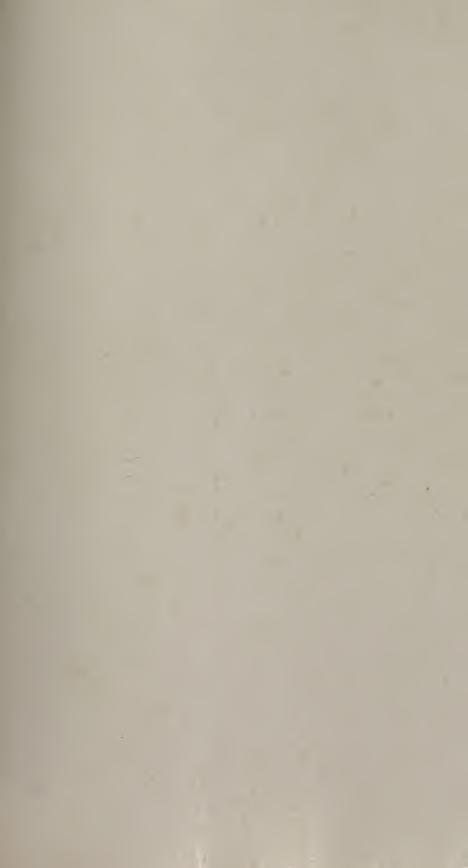
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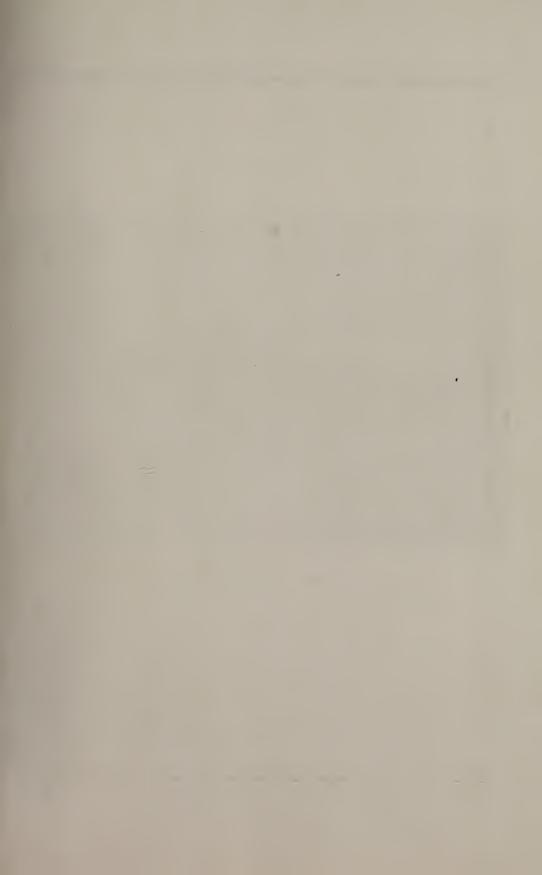
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"Jails and state prisons are the complement of schools; so many less as you have of the latter, so many more you must have of the former."

---Horace Mann



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Contents	
Dell' etter	Page
Dedication	
Editorial Literary	1.4
Graduation Essays	10
Class Day Parts	1 6
History	20
Prophecy	20
Gifts to Girls	91
Gifts to Boys	
Will	
Graduation Program	. 44
Class Day Program	. 45
Honor Awards	. 16
Class Pictures	. 47
Who's Who	
Sports Review	
Football	00
Baseball	00
BasketballSocial Review	(, ,
Pageant Pageant	0.
Senior Play	01
Alumni	00
Class Celebrities	10
As the Poets See Us	
Songs of 1937	
Exchanges	
Our Advertisers	
12	

EDITORIAL.

Toward a Brighter Future

THE class of 1937 will probably always be distinguished as the first to graduate from Ipswich High School. We appreciate the honor, although we confess that our pleasure is dimmed by one quite obvious circumstance; our scant six months in the new high school have proved just a tantalizing glimpse into what opportunities are in store for future classes.

These classes will have the benefit of a broader and more advanced curriculum, including physical education and citizenship training. The things that we have planned and hoped for are now about to materialize. Our first year has been spent in organization and in getting settled in our new quarters, and we have not been able to put a good many of our plans into execution as yet. We have, however, started to use and enjoy some of the facilities that the building of-Unable to wait for formal fers. equipment and instruction, we started to use the long-anticipated gymnasium. Our humble but enthusiastic beginnings in basketball foreshadow our entrance into a wider variety of interscholastic sports than we have ever had. The spacious. airy laboratory has inspired new interest in the sciences, and this year a new science course, biology, was added to the curriculum. In years to come we hope that other courses

will be offered — more modern languages, sciences, and courses in the fine arts. Perhaps the greatest opportunity that our high school offers is in citizenship and social training. The numerous clubs and social organizations have continued on from Manning, and now, with ample space to meet and carry on business, it would appear that they have a chance to increase their activities and popularity. spirit" — a vague term to the outsider, but one universally used in school affairs — is really stronger than it has been for several years. An example of this is in the interclass basketball games which drew a large, enthusiastic following. The roof was fairly raised with the cheering on some afternoons when rivalry was particularly intense. The whole school showed real interest in the teams, the plays, and This increase in school the scores. spirit has sowed the seeds for the Beginnings of student government, so that next year the students will start to take some of the responsibility of governing the school into their own hands. The will be enlarged as their executive powers and capabilities for accepting responsibility are developed. We, the class of 1937, rejoice with the rest of the school that the goal for which we have hoped and striven is becoming more attainable. Even though we leave this year, we shall follow with interest the strides taken toward fulfillment of our hopes.

The outlook is much brighter for us, too, as we go out into the world to look for occupation, or as we continue on to higher education. We feel more optimistic about making a place, a beginning for ourselves in the world. At the end of four happy, sheltered years we face a new dawn and stand together for the last time on the threshhold of

new adventure and discovery. Although we can not help feeling some sadness at leaving old friends to embark on vast uncharted seas of our future lives, we are all eager to start searching for our individual Holy Grails, striving for what we desire most in life. Thus we ask Fate to smile kindly on us all and to help us along the way.

LITERARY.

Bridges

HUGE arc of cold gray steel spans the oily, murky waters of the large river. Steel girders outline themselves against a lighter gray sky like huge emaciated skeletons through the bones of which. like ants or large beetles, crawl trucks, wagons, and shiny automobiles in an endless line. People, intent on their business in the huge world of sky scrapers beyond, hurry by. In quiet back-washes of the crowd, a few people stand, watching the never-ending waters flow past below, bearing with them traces of all the life of the huge city. A street-cleaner in dirtywhite tries vainly to remove some of the refuse from street and side walk, but the stone remains gray, spotted, filthy. A newsboy cries of sordid murder. A lumbering truck goes by, the driver shouting profanely. A tired shop girl gazes at the mink-clad debutante in the costly limousine and almost steps on a poor, blind beggar selling pencils on the sidewalk. A swarthy Italian pushes a

flower-cart by, the bright jonquils and sweet violets lending a note of color and freshness to the dull grayness and sooty odor of the city, and a tired boy thinks of a quiet farm house and the sweet-peas in his mother's garden.

Sweet peas, and father coming home across the little wooden bridge. He could almost hear now the rumble of the ancient timbers as someone approached. The little brook trickled peacefully down through the green meadow - he had sat there so often as a boy. watching the water change from golden as it flowed over the sand to dark brown in the depths. The bright sun shone warmly down and red-winged blackbirds kept up their sweet trilling all through the golden hours of the morning. Coming across the bridge at twilight with a load of hay, he could remember the sweet smells of dried grass and new earth and the tinkling of Betsey's bell as she came in from pasture. The evening star glittered in the rosy afterglow, and an old bullfrog began his slow monotonous chant

to the high pitched peeping of his cohorts.

"Move along, bud!" said the uniformed officer. "You've been standin' here too long." The boy fumbled nervously for a cigarette as he pushed off through the crowd. Wonder if that frog was still there? He must write and ask Mom. He hadn't written for so long, and she'd be wondering! Gee, it would be swell to go home!

Priscilla Bailey, '37.

* * * * * * * * TODAY I STOPPED

Today I stopped and gazed about
The paths I've trod before
I never noticed until now
What used to be a bore.
Samuel Lombard, '38.

* * * * * * * * * CRICKET'S CRIES

All Crickets chirp: I wonder why? There must be reason Why they cry.

But I must sleep,
Let cries forego!
(They're pleasant tunes
To my mind though.)
Samuel Lombard, '38.

If I had never known
The whispering of th

The whispering of the summer breeze
Through slender swaying woodland

* * * * * * *

trees
Or meadows freshly mown.

If I had chanced to miss

The golden brilliance of autumn leaves.

The moonlight shimmering through the trees,

Or mornings sunny kiss.

If I had never seen
The snow-capped mountains' hazy blue,

Or violets jeweled bright with dew,

Or a rippling stream.

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If I had never heard
A roar of thunder from heaven
above,

The gentle cooing of a dove,
Or a glad tuneful bird.
Then would my soul be dead,
No gladness heralding the day
No beauty known along life's way,

My songs unsung, my prayer unsaid.

Ann Mansfield, '39.

PLOTTING

I was reading Carlyle,
But I fell to day-dreaming.
Excellent his style —
I was reading Carlyle,
But a cloud used its guile,
And all nature was scheming.
I was reading Carlyle,
But I fell to day-dreaming.

* * * * * * *

WHITE SUNDAY

Apple trees,
Blush-pink against a delphinium
sky;
A honey-laden breeze.
Apple trees,
Small motors of bees.
First flight of a yellow butterfly.
Apple trees,

Blush-pink against a delphinium sky.

Priscilla Bailey, '37.

A TRIOLET
The hillsides are green
For springtime has come.
A bluebird is seen where
The hillsides are green;

Over all lies a lush green sheen, Where pin points of flowers grow. The hillsides are green, For springtime has come. Charlotte Curtis, '37.

GRADUATION ESSAYS.

THE CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF

Our Debt to Horace Mann

by Margaret Hubbard

NEARLY one hundred years ago this evening, on June 30, 1837, Horace Mann, Speaker of the House of Representatives in Boston, accepted the post of Secretary of the newly created Board of Education in Massachusetts. He held this position for eleven short years and in that time accomplished deeds and instituted reforms which caused him to be gratefully remembered and honored to-day as America's first pioneer in the cause of good public school education.

Until 1837, the condition of the public schools in Massachusetts, although not actually appalling, was extremely poor when judged by our standards and rather low when judged by the standards of those times, especially when we realize that New England was even then considered the center of learning in the United States. The main obstacle to fair and liberal teaching was the narrowness, pettiness, and ignorance of the teachers. Often they were so untrained and underpaid that they knew scarcely more than their pupils. Their textbooks were old, and their methods of teaching were often out of date. In addition,

teachers at that time also, especially in rural districts, though serving at a great sacrifice of money and social prestige, were scorned and looked down upon by members of other professions and by society in general. Such a condition obviously did not redound to the advantage of the pupils under their supervision.

The buildings, which constituted another source of offense in early nineteenth century education, were unventilated, unsafe, dirty, and almost without light except for a few dingy windows. It is said that the floors of barns at that time were washed more frequently than those of schoolrooms. Furthermore, the management of the schools was entirely under the control of the local trustees who very often allowed their personal feelings, their greed for gain, and their narrow religious sectarianism to get the better of all good educational instincts.

Everyone who could afford to sent his children to private schools. Those who were poor, of course, had to patronize public schools but looked upon them as a burden to be borne none too willingly. The children went because they had to, not because they were interested, for

at that time no one thought of interesting a child in his schoolwork; it was merely drilled into him in large doses until he was big or old enough to go out and go to work.

Therefore, when Horace Mann accepted his position as Secretary of the Board of Education, he accepted with it the task of remedying these conditions and meeting others like them. He realized the importance which education plays in the life of all people and especially in the lives of those who belong to and make up a democracy.

It was this idea which spurred him on to give up a good law practice for a position paying less than \$1500 a year; to sell a fine library and devote the proceeds to education; to work, work, work until he had exhausted his strength, feeble at best, and then to rest only until he could once more stand on his feet, ready to continue his reforms. His first conviction was that there could be no good or fine teaching done until the teachers themselves were trained. He therefore went about the country, lecturing and campaigning in an effort to build up a public sentiment which would make possible a legislative appropriation for the founding of a Normal school. He gave lectures in every corner of the state, often having seven lectures a week, each in some remote spot. However, these efforts at first met with little inter-In this connection it is interesting and to the credit of Ipswich to note that he records in his Journal in 1838: "I went to Ipswich and preached my preachment to a pretty full house." In other places he remarks that in larger towns there

were sometimes only ten listeners!

At last, in 1839, the first of his dreams came true; the state legislature appropriated \$10,000 to be put with \$10,000 of private contributions for the purpose of erecting a Normal School. The place decided upon was Lexington and the principal chosen was Rev. Cyrus Pierce. Such a school was indeed an innovation and at the time was regarded as a truly novel, if not unwise, experiment, for being a girls' school, it ran up against all sorts of snags, from timid parents who were afraid to trust their daughters away from home, to Victorian moralists who frowned upon such procedures. The school prospered however, and soon two more were founded: one at Barre in 1838. and one at Bridgewater in 1839.

Another means by which Horace Mann obtained support for his ideas was through his twelve annual reports to the Board of Education. The first met with considerable criticism, but as time went on, his ideas as formulated in these reports became more generally accepted. At present, the original documents are of inestimable worth, quite in keeping with the man who wrote them.

It was at this time, about six years after he began his duties as Secretary of the Board of Education, that Horace Mann married again (his first wife having died two years after their marriage in 1830). He sailed for Europe for a rest, but he did not relax even there, for with his unceasing quest after educational improvement, he visited schools in all the European countries, and on his return published a report on the German manner of teaching

deaf mutes to speak. He said that signs were not used but that the pupils were taught to speak by the muscular formation of the words. He was bitterly assailed for this report by his foes, who denounced it as false, and who tried to use it in an effort to have him discharged. However, with his unusual and unfailing wit and originality, he wrote and published an answer which effectively silenced their criticism.

At last, in 1848, after eleven years of toil when he resigned to serve in Congress, he had seen most of his proposed reforms completed and many others so well started that they could continue without him. He had provided three good Normal schools, seen many high schools built and others improved, raised teachers' wages as well as their morale, equipped many schools with improved attendance, libraries. lengthened the school term, and, above all, aroused a lasting interest in the public schools of Massachusetts.

It might be thought that after he left the Board of Education in Massachusetts, his work was finished in that field, for he was growing old, his health was poor, and he deserved rest and leisure. However. his desire to see that all Americans had the best possible opportunities for education led him to extend his work further. About 1852, in Ohio (at that time a backwoods settlement) a new college, Antioch, was founded which was to be the most liberal of any vet established. The institution was in reality the result of his own ideas and theories rapidly spreading were throughout the United States. It

was coeducational, open to races, nonsectarian, and its purpose was to build the character of those young people who would be the pioneers of the next generation and to bring culture to the wild and rough settlements of Ohio. He instituted the famous "Code of Honor" here, which was a system under which the students were put their own responsibility obeying the laws of the college and seeing that their fellow-classmates did likewise. Under his guidance and perseverance, all, or at least the majority, of his aims were accomplished, and in spite of serious financial troubles, difficulties were eventually smoothed out. Mann worked tirelessly for the cause and could he have lived a little longer, his college would have advanced to a standing twenty-five vears in advance of any other. However, he worked too hard, exhausted his strength, and having seen his third graduating class leave as cultured people of good character (for his code was such that he could not graduate any person from Antioch who had not a high moral standard) he died.

He can never be forgoten, however, for he still lives today in the many schools which bear his name, in the progress of his work, which has become the basis of the American public school system, and in the present excellent condition of our schools which we hope will advance to higher achievement in the future. More especially, he lives for us today in his many, wise, often quoted sayings, of which the most beautiful, courageous, and the most like him are the last public

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words ever spoken by Horace Mann: "Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity."

Nature's Wonderland In New Hampshire

By Priscilla Bailey

T HAVE chosen this subject, admittedly a little unorthodox for the occasion, because New Hampshire and its mountains make a sort of background of my life and because I couldn't talk on any subject more familiar or pleasant to me. New Hampshire has that faculty of remaining on one's mind, though it is not famed in song and story, as much as are the splendors of the Rockies or the romantic qualities of the South, it is just as dear to large numbers of people as are these other places. People, as a rule, never go once to New Hampshire and then just go away after a pleasant outing; they return again and again to their familiar haunts and urge their beauties on all whom they meet.

The ranges and foothills that make up the White Mountains cover the whole of central and northern New Hampshire, with the full grandeur of rugged peaks and majestic scenery concentrated in the North country, and the sylvan beauty of lake, forest, and wooded slopes in the southern part. Robert Frost, our celebrated contemporary poet, who reflects the charm of the country north of Boston in his writings, has expressed the whole plan

of the mountains in his poem "New Hampshire" much more briefly and clearly than I could ever hope to do. He says about them:

"Anything I can say about New Hampshire Will serve almost as well about Vermont Excepting that they differ in their mountains.

The Vermont mountains stretch extended straight;

New Hampshire mountains curl up in a coil."

Within this coil, there is such a concentrated wealth of valleys, peaks, waterfalls, and forests forming a veritable wonderland for the nature-lover, that it seems as if God had conspired to set down in New England a place where people might forget the world and its cares and follies and come nearer to peace and happiness.

And the vacationist is using New Hampshire for just that purpose. Crowding the roads leading north are people of all walks and ages of life, in haughty limousines with shining luggage, and in battered beach-wagons with worn tents and frying pans strapped on back. This flow of vacationists started way back when Henry Ward Beecher discovered that the air in Bethlehem was an infallible cure for hayfever sufferers and made it the headquarters for the National Hay-Fever Association. Since then the number of tourists has increased so rapidly that one wonders at times how the small state can manage to hold them all and still preserve its rustic beauty and its solitudes without becoming a second Coney Island.

For the different types of tourist there are accommodations to suit his desires and his pocket-book, and everyone finds some place to his satisfaction. For the wealthy such huge establishments as the Hotel Randall at North Conway and the Mt. Washington at Bretton Woods have been built, where one may find the same luxurious accommodations and smart company that are common to Newport or Palm Beach. I venture to say, however, that most of the true White Mountain lovers could not be hired to stay at one of these hotels for any price. These true mountaineers you will find in soiled khaki shorts and battered hats, sitting on the edge of some lofty ledge far above the clouds or boiling coffee over a fire before their tents in pine groves. They prefer a hard cot and the cool pinescented wind from the mountains to any feather-bed you might offer even with the addition of running water. For these campers there are any number of inviting reservations set aside by the government in the White Mountain National Forest. Perhaps the most famous is the Dolly Copp camping ground in Pinkham Notch under the shadow of Mt. Washington. Statistics are usually dry, but I think it might interest you to know that it is not unusual for five hundred outfits to be pitched in a single day there with two thousand campers registered. If you ever stop at this encampment with its stone fireplaces, swimming pool, clubhouse, and dancehall, and smell the wonderful odor of woodsmoke, frying bacon, and coffee boiling that hangs over the place, you will want to set up camp and stay forever—everyone does. Nobody seems to know a great deal about Dolly Copp, for whom the reservation was Her history has become obscure in competition with the many other mountain legends. The records show that Dolly was what is known as a "character"—they abound in New Hampshire. lived in Bartlett, and when she was twenty-three, she was married to Haves Copp and came to live in the Notch. Life for the women in those early days was hard, and Dolly cooked, sewed, took in travelers, and raised a family in the meantime. The Copp fortunes grew, and by their golden wedding anniversary Haves and Dolly had a flourishing farm and were comfortably well-off. But Dolly decided that she had had enough of her rigorous pioneer life and Hayes in the bargain; so she packed her trunk and prepared to leave. When a neighbor remonstrated, she said, "Oh, Hayes is well enough, but fifty years is too long for a woman to live with any man." So she and her husband peaceably divided their savings of a life-time, left their comfortable homestead, and as far as I know, never saw each other again.

The Appalachian Mountain Club maintains many cabins both on the established trails and at populated spots in the mountains. The hutmasters put up trail lunches—three sandwiches, raisins, and chocolate—and provide supper, lodging, and breakfast for footsore and hungry travelers who find themselves halfway down a mountainside with darkness coming on. The Dartmouth Outing Club is another organization whose members are fre-

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quently seen on the trails. For the most part, undergraduates at Dartmouth, they spend their summers and all other available time in New Hampshire. They are invaluable in making life safe and comfortable Carrying all their supplies on their backs, they carry proviforest-rangers, tip-top sions to houses, and Appalachian huts, take care of trails, build new huts, and place trail-markers. Many a lost or exhausted tenderfoot or "goofer," as they are popularly known, has offered thanks that a D. O. C. boy happened along at just the right moment to lead him to the food and warmth of a hut. Working long hours and for short pay, the boys perform these tiring but satisfying labors, so important to the welfare of mountain-climbers, simply because they like it. They would do anything to stay among their beloved peaks and they are amply rewarded by nature. All Appalachian guides and D. O. C. boys are characterized by their tanned healthy bodies, cheerful grins, and their unfailing good humor.

One thing that makes the mountains so intriguing is that there is hardly a spot in them that is not steeped in legend. Perhaps the place that most abounds in history and story is Crawford Notch. early story of this famous pass between Mt. Willey and Mt. Webster is contained in the Crawford History written by Ethan Allen Crawford, which gives in detail the rigorous life of the early settlers. The Crawford family did the most toward developing and civilizing this Notch. Abel Crawford was known as the "Patriarch" of the hills and

stood six feet five in his stocking feet. He had eight sons, all giants, the largest and best-known of whom was Ethan Allen Crawford. built an inn in the Notch, farmed. hunted, guided innumerable travelers to the top of the peaks, until he became so closely bound to the mountains that he was almost a part of them. We cannot help but feel that Ethan and his father cannot be far distant in spirit from the scenes among which they lived and with which they have been associated. There has been tragedy also in the Notch with the saga of the Willey family becoming one of the best known in the mountains. The family was annihilated by a landslide from the side of Mt. Willey back in 1821. The most tragic part of the whole episode was that, becoming terrified at the sound of the approaching avalanche, they rushed out of their home and were crushed in the path of the slide. house, however, was left untouched, the torrent having divided on a rock behind the house and rushed by on each side, leaving it standing. If the family had remained inside, they would have escaped unharmed.

In Franconia Notch in the western part of the state is the most famous landmark in New Hampshire, the Profile, or as he is familiarly called, the Old Man of the Mountains. His profile juts out from the side of Mount Cannon as if some omnipotent god had left his visage stamped there. Since the Indians worshiped it and the first awestruck white man beheld it, it has never failed to impress all who see it with its expression of serenity and power. Many

stories are told about it, and Hawthorne has immortalized it in his book, "The Great Stone Face." Webster waxed eloquent about its majesty and it brings out all the poetry in everyone who has ever seen it outlined against the blue heavens or, most impressive view of all, against an iron-gray sky with wisps of clouds wreathing its stern visage. In 1916 the stones that form the forehead of the Old Man were found to be slipping and the best stone surgeon in the country was employed to secure them. He drilled holes in the slipping rocks and fastened them tightly by means of chains to the main ledges of Can-New Hampshire's non mountain. famous trade-mark is fully restored and will continue his silent meditations for many more years. Washington, the highest of White Mountains, is the climax of any trip through New Hampshire. It is climbed by hundreds of people every summer although it is a tame and disappointing expedition to the expert who prefers the other mountains and ranges which offer more uncivilized beauty and solitude, undisturbed by the annoying chatter of the passing tourist. However, Mt. Washington is majestically beautiful and offers a wonderful spectacle of lofty height and rugged grandeur when viewed along with its sister peaks of the Presidential Range, Mt. Adams and Mt. Madison, from the valley near Gorham. Looking up from the lowlands, one wonders what convulsion of the earth's surface could have thrown up these overpowering heaps of earth and rock. These monarchs make every beholder feel poignantly his insignificance and smallness in comparison to the works of nature. No wonder that the Indians were terrified and dared not approach these giants, believing them to be the abode of the Great Spirit. However, the white men had no such scruples and immediately started to put Mt. Washington on a paying basis.

MARTIN MA

There have been several Tip-Top and Summit Houses before the present ones which bid fair to be the longest survivors of the elements on the summit. The Boston and Maine Railroad has built a cog railway up the side, and automobiles take passengers up the Carriage Road several times a day. It would appear that man has tamed Mt. Washington, but once in a while, the old mountain goes on the rampage and takes his toll of human lives. Especially does he punish recklessness and foolhardiness among his followers, and anyone who climbs Mt. Washington after October 1 is literally taking his life in his hands. Although all may appear serene from the Glen, with a warm breeze blowing and the sun shining, there may be at the top below zero temperatures and a gale blowing that will toss a person off. "Familiarity breeds contempt" does not apply to Washington or the rest of the Presidential Range. An Appalachian Mt. Club guide may become lost in a blizzard as easily as may the most inexperienced climber, but his chances of survival are greater. However, Mt. Washington is usually tractable, and from the summit one may behold on a clear day all of New Hampshire and other parts of New England and Canada.

Farther to the south, Chocorua's shape is silhouetted against the horizon, everlasting memorial to the Indian chief whose name it bears. He jumped off the top because he preferred to die rather than see the white man invade his last retreat, the mountains he loved. I think I can understand the way he felt. There are innumerable other landmarks and beautiful places in the mountains all of which are equally lovely or interesting as the case may be. I apologize to any other White Mountain devotees in the audience if I have neglected to mention their favorite peak or to sing the praises of their familiar haunts.

And so New Hampshire is filled to overflowing with people who love her. They fly down the steep mountain sides over the crisp white snow in winter with loud cries of "Track" as they dodge between the black pine trees on their slender hickory At the first spring breeze, in their longing for a glimpse of the mountains, they back out the car and trek north, disregarding the back-roads mud for which New Hampshire is famous. In the summer, west winds, blue skies reflected in sparkling lakes, and pinecovered peaks send out an irresistible call. Fall, perhaps the most beautiful of all the seasons, comes with the concentrated glory of red and yellow hill sides, crisp northwest winds, frosty mornings, and air so clear that it seems sometimes as if you might reach out and touch the top of Mt. Washington.

Whittier loved the mountains and said so more eloquently and clearly than most of us can, although we all

share his feelings. This is what he said about them after many happy years with them.

"Once more, O Mountains

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"Once more, O Mountains of the North, unveil

Your brows and lay your cloudy mantles by!

And once more, ere the eyes that seek ye fail,

Uplift against the blue walls of the sky Your mighty shapes, and let the sunshine weave

Its golden net work in your belting woods,

Smile down in rainbows from your falling flood,

And on your kingly brows at morn and eve

Set crowns of fire! So shall my soul receive

Haply the secret of your calm and strength

Your unforgotten beauty interfuse

My common life, your glorious shares and hues

And sun-dropped splendors at my bidding come,

Loom vast through dreams, and stretch in billowy length

From the sea-level of my lowland home!"

...Early Hosiery, Lace, and... Silk Industries in Ipswich

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by Frederick Benedix Jr.

FOR more than a century hosiery has been an essential industry in the town of Ipswich; it is therefore natural that an industry of such long and continued standing should be of interest to the townspeople. Most of us, of course, remember well the Ipswich Mills, and we are, for the most part, familiar with the present Hayward Hosiery Company. Nevertheless, the beginning and the colorful history of such an industry are relatively unknown yet very interesting. Therefore, I have attempted to trace the development of the hosiery industries in Ipswich and to incorporate in this history early silk and lace, the sister industries of hosiery.

The hosiery business was transported to America from England, and in order to trace the beginning of the hosiery industry in Ipswich, we must necessarily cross the ocean to Nottinghamshire. It will be recalled that the great social revolution of England continued through the latter part of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The factories were filled with maltreated, underpaid laborers, who were beginning to demand sanitary working conditions and better pay. Thus it was in Nottinghamshire, where many hosiery and lace factories had been established. At length, on March 11, 1811, a group of unemployed men began the bloody Luddite strikes; these riots, which commenced at Arnold, rapidly spread

through all Nottinghamshire. Owners of mills were killed and their property destroyed; in all over a thousand stocking frames were smashed and made useless. This general confusion lasted for a period of five years and absolutely blotted out, for the time being, the lace and hosiery industries in Nottinghamshire.

As a result of these riots and this destruction, thousands of employees including weavers, machinists, and others were thrown out of jobs with little or no prospect for the future. Of these some of the most ambitious determined to emigrate to America and establish their respective trades; this emigration took place in 1818-1822. However, the government foresaw this movement and, not wishing to lose a valuable and promising industry, did its utmost to prevent any transportation of the hosiery industry to America. Exorbitant export duties were placed on the machinery and tools necessary to stocking making, and exceedingly heavy fines were exacted on those caught smuggling machinery.

Nevertheless, in spite of the efforts of the British Government, a stocking machine was smuggled to America and finally set up in Watertown, Massachusetts. According to the story this machine, packed in two boxes, had a very exciting trip to America. Buried in a cargo of salt, it was smuggled through the authorities at Liverpool, whence it experienced a stormy voyage across the ocean.

It was in 1822 after a few years of manufacture in Watertown that

this machine was brought to Ipswich by George Warner and Benjamin Fewkes. This stocking frame was operated in the kitchen of a house located where the South Congregational Church now stands.

In the meantime machines had been set up, and a small lace factory was in operation in Watertown on the Newton boundary. The success of this factory aroused the interest of Mr. Augustine Heard and others, and the lace industry was introduced into Ipswich. The Dr. Philemon Dean house, the present hosiery shop on South Main Street, was purchased by Mr. Heard, and the Boston and Ipswich Lace Company was established. It is understood that this factory was in operation in 1824. However, after several unsuccessful years this industry was abandoned.

In spite of this failure, Dr. Thomas Manning, who, it will be remembered, was the benevolent donor of the former high school, and others interested in the lace industry founded the New England Lace Company. The Dr. John Manning residence on High Street, where the late Ross house stood, was remodeled and utilized for a factory. The employees consisted of machinists, weavers, warpers, and others; women and children were employed for embroidering and washing the lace.

The same gentlemen who had introduced the lace factory now decided upon an experiment in silk. Mr. Augustine Heard, who at that time was an important figure in East India shipping and trade, imported from China some mulberry moth eggs, which were carefully

transported and installed in the lace factory It is said that, to insure warmth, these eggs were carried about the bodies of Chinese sailors during their transportation across the seas. In way of preparation certain rooms were reconstructed to accommodate these eggs, and, in addition to this, the south side of the hill running behind the factory was terraced and graded. A great number of mulberry trees were planted on the terraces and their leaves were gathered and fed to the mulberry This experiment probably moths. lasted only a few years and was abandoned when the lace factory failed. Today the graded terraces are still to be seen; however, there remains only one very crippled mulberry tree. The trees apparently either died natural deaths or were killed by our inconsistent New England climate.

In the meantime the lace industry had had a short-lived success, for the factory shut down in 1832. Because of the unfavorable matic conditions of our own country, the fine thread utilized in making the lace had been necessarily imported from England. England, however, attempting to regain the coveted lace industry, in 1832 placed a high export duty on the thread and, on the other hand, allowed finished lace goods to be exported free of duty. This bit of business strategy on England's part quickly put an end to the lace industry in Ipswich, and this failure of the New England Lace Company concluded all attempts made in Ipswich in this field or in the silk field.

The lace industry having been abandoned, many of the former em-

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ployees either returned to their stocking frames or continued with them, for it has been reported that some were carrying on this trade in their homes while working in the lace factory. Others moved to different communities, and for the most part, these either settled in Germantown, Pennsylvania, or in Plymouth, New Hampshire, where groups of lace and stocking weavers had established themselves. Nevertheless, there remained in Ipswich four small but skilled manufacturers. One of them, Mr. Benjamin Fewkes, operated a small shop on High Street near his residence: incidentally, the Peatfield brothers constructed two stocking frames for Mr. Fewkes which were, I believe, the first of their kind made in this country. At the same time Mr. Warner ran a shop located on the site of the present Damon Block, and Mr. Samuel Hunt and Mr. Charles Bamford both ran shops in their homes. These shops were all small, of course, and each contained only two stocking frames.

Soon these four small industries were supplemented by larger ones. The Peatfield brothers had erected the building now known as Hayes' Tavern and established an underwear factory. Not long after this Mr. George Heard undertook a knitting business in a building located at the lower falls near the

County Street Bridge. By this time Dr. Manning had constructed some buildings at Willowdale. Two of these which had been used for saw mills burned; however, the third, a stone building, was converted into a woolen factory.

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In 1863 a mill was erected on the banks of the river at County Street. and the manufacture of yarn was begun. Joseph Ross, Thomas Dodge, and Henry Ordway were named directors. The varn business was a great success, and five years later the manufacture of hosiery was undertaken. In this manner the mill continued in profitable operation until 1873, the year of the great fire of Boston. A great quantity of finished goods from this factory had been stored in warehouses in Boston, all of which was lost in the fire. This great catastrophe forced the insurance companies into bankruptcy, and only a few cents were returned on a dollar. Naturally this loss greatly affected the circumstances of our hosiery mill, and in 1885, after a few unsuccessful years, the mill was shut down.

In the meantime the manufacture of cotton cloth had continued in an old stone mill situated on the site of the present Ipswich Mills. This industry had been established in 1828 by Augustine Heard, Joseph Farley, and George Heard, and at the time the machinery was installed, a new dam had been con-

structed. Following the history of this mill, we see that it ran successfully for forty years, and in 1868 Mr. Amos Lawrence purchased the property. Under its new head the industry was renamed the Ipswich Mills Company, and the manufacture of hosiery was introduced.

Thus we see that the history of the textile industries in our town has been a long and interesting one. The picturesque silk and lace industries lasted only a few years, and no attempts were ever made afterward to reorganize them. On the other hand, the equally historic and interesting hosiery business had developed within half a century from small unimportant shops into an influential and vastly organized industry. At one time the huge Ipswich Mills Company was one of the largest of the seamless hosiery mills in the country; however, with the introduction of full fashioned hosiery seamless hosiery became obsolete and the great company failed in 1928. Since then the Hayward Hosiery Company has carried on the tradition of this industry, and we hope that hosiery will continue to give employment to our townspeople in the future.

CLASS DAY PARTS.

History of the Class of 1937

By Charles Rhodes

ON the ninth day of September, of the year nineteen hundred and thirty-three, a timid but determined group of students could be seen ascending the stairs to the "attic" of old Manning High. It was the class of "37."

School records reveal that our class, numbering one hundred and fifteen members, was the largest ever to enter the doors of the Manning building.

Although the system of changing rooms for each period was at first a bit confusing and straying into a senior English class instead of a freshman algebra class a trifle embarrassing, we soon became accustomed to our new surroundings and settled down to a quiet, uneventful

freshman year. Our officers for the year were Marcel Savoy, president; Robert Bamford, vice-president; Mary Laite, secretary; and Alexander Robertson, treasurer.

Upon returning to school after a short but enjoyable summer vacation, we were again confronted with the annual election of class officers. They were chosen as follows: John Denningham, president; Albert Langmaid, vice-president; Priscilla Bailey, secretary; and Howard Cowles, treasurer.

Not unlike our freshman year, our sophomore year was characterized by obscurity and inactivity, although we did present an assembly play entitled "Grandma Pulls the Strings," starring Mabel Chambers as Grandma and Helen Perry as Julia, a shy young lass. This was when Mabel Chambers first gave

evidence of her adaptability in old lady parts and anticipated her excellent performance as Aunt Adeline in the senior play. It was also in this play that the shop boys under Mr. Merson's supervision showed what could be done to provide good stage and lighting effects on the old Manning Hall stage.

We had not been long in our junior year before a class meeting was held and the following officers were elected: Alexander Robertson, president; John Denningham, vice-president; Frank Canney, secretary; and Louise Anzuoni, treasurer.

It was during the winter of this year that an innovation in the form of a winter carnival was held at Manning. In the competition for "Snow Queen" among the four classes then attending school, the race was close, but our junior entry, in the person of Miss Bella Des Jardins, emerged victorious. On the day following the thrilling toboggan and ski slides, anybody who appeared in school without the scars of battle on his face was in danger of being called a pansy by the more daring of his classmates.

Next in line was the question of class rings. A committee of six was elected to take charge of the matter. Deciding that a plain, solid gold ring would be a more practical investment than a ring containing some kind of stone, the committee selected two types of the former, the final choice going to the class as a whole. Apparently the reasoning of the committee was sound, for there have been no remarks of dissatisfaction to date.

The successful efforts of such men as Paganis on the baseball field and Mourikas and Robertson on the gridiron in the junior year, placed us high in the sport world.

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Through the first four months of our senior year things ran smoothly and on schedule. We had chosen as our leaders John Denningham, president; Albert Langmaid, vicepresident; Frank Canney, secretary; and Louise Anzuoni, treasurer.

In January we decided to accept the munificent gift of a new school as bequeathed to us by the philanthropic class of '36. Hence, after Christmas vacation, with band playing and flags flying, we marched en masse to our new, sumptuous building on Green Street. When finally settled, we found that we were approximately six weeks behind schedule of the usual school program.

The first event to be held in the new school was a pageant, "The Builders," given on the evening when the building was thrown open to the public for inspection. In this pageant we were nobly represented by Fred Benedix with his sheaf of wheat "quite different from the ordinary head," Frank Canney, the metallurgist, Robert Love, the poet, and Nate Love as stern and forbidding Duty (if you can imagine Nate as stern and forbidding). Margaret Hubbard was the Librarian, and a number of the other girls tripped the boards gracefully to the tune of "slide, slide, one, two, three."

After acquitting ourselves nobly in a school affair, we turned our attention to our own class affairs. The finance committee had already informed us that class dues would amount to three dollars a person if our financial status were not improved. We therefore elected an entertainment committee to engineer a senior dance which netted a grand total of twelve dollars. However, the profits of the senior play more than offset the disappointing results of the dance, and no one complained when our dues were reduced from three dollars to one.

The pageant delayed the production of the senior play this year until March. Nothing was lost by the delay, however, for "The Millionaire" was the most successful play of recent years. Although the members of the cast were annoyed, angered, hysterical, and hilarious by turns, all reported that in spite of the hard gruelling toil, the experience was one of the most pleasant of high school days and will be one of their most cherished memories. The greatest progress in the play was made by Connie Tozer in learning to crow like a rooster; Fred Benedix took the cake for twisting his speeches with ludicrous effect: and Bob and Nate Love held up proceedings most often while they washed dishes or dug clams.

Too numerous to mention are the individual names of those who helped to make the play a success, but the untiring efforts of the cast, stage managers, business executives, and ticket sellers are directly responsible for the gratifying results. We sincerely hope that next year's senior play will meet with equal success.

After the play was over, our thoughts turned toward graduation. The girls, for some unknown reason, were inspired with thought that caps and gowns would add distinction to an already distinguished class. The boys, however, felt that such a distinction would be superfluous. After much hot debate on the subject, pecially in economics class, a vote was taken which resulted in a tie. Denningham then endeared himself to his sex and saved the day for his pals by voting an emphatic "No." The vision of some of our rugged football heroes becoming entangled in the folds of their gowns when walking out to receive their diplomas still makes us smile, however.

And now the moment which we have anticipated for four years draws near. Although we left Manning, which had harbored us for three and a half years, with some regret at the memory of the good times spent there, we, the class of 1937, are proud to be the first to receive our diplomas from this grand, new Ipswich High School.

Class Prophecy

By Mabel Chambers and Albert Langmaid

TIME: 1957.

L Scene: Somewhere on the Newburyport Turnpike. (After a collision with Mabel's car.)

Albert: Well, this is a fine job you've done on my car! Look at that radiator!

Mabel: Listen, stupid, it's all your own fault. You bumped into me.

Albert: Where did you learn to drive, anyway? You don't know one signal from another. As drivers you women would make swell cookie pushers.

Mabel: Is that so? Well, you men don't know what a brake pedal is for. I suppose you think it's to scrape the mud off your feet when you enter the car.

Officer breaks in: Here, here, what's going on here? Well, young man, it looks as if you bumped into her. Suppose you tell the story.

Albert: Well, officer, she signals for a left turn, then turns right. I didn't have time to use the brakes; she cut right in in front of me.

Officer: Well, suppose you give me your names and come along with me. (Mabel and Albert produce licenses. Officer writes in book.) Miss Mabel Chambers, Long Island . . . and Mr. Albert Langmaid, Ipswich, Mass. Well, come along you two.

Mabel: Say, wait a minute. You're not the Albert Langmaid that graduated when I did in 1937?

Albert: That's it now. I remember you. Good old Mabel Chambers who never spoke very often but when she did — wow! I didn't recognize you for an instant with your hair fixed differently, and you must have been on a diet. What are you doing?

Mabel: Oh I'm ——

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(Officer breaks in): Say, while you two are recognizing everyone around here, you might as well recognize me.

Both: Nate Love!

Albert: Sure. How are you now?

Nate: Swell, just swell. I wish I could stay and talk with you a while but I've got to report. You two report inside a half an hour. See you later.

Mabel: Well, it gives us a half an hour to talk over old times. Gee! you've aged. Where's all your hair gone?

Albert: Oh, that's kind of gone with the wind, I guess.

Mabel: What were you, out in a storm and the wind blew away your tepee?

Albert: Tepee? You mean toupee don't you? No, I guess the hair just gradually wore away. But what are you doing at present?

Mabel: Oh, I'm running a puppet theatre in New York. I'm in Boston taking a course in puppetry. Whom do you suppose I bumped into in the Public Gardens? Mildred O'Malley, and was I surprised when

she told me Charlotte Curtis had given up her job teaching school to enter the Folies Bergères.

Albert: You don't say so! What's Mildred doing herself?

Mabel: She's a dancing school teacher now. You must remember when she did such a swell job teaching one of the junior boys back in '37. I don't remember his name, but speaking of boys, how about telling me about some of your pals?

Albert: Well, the first one to come to my mind is Boucher. He's joined the circus and swings on the flying trapeze.

Mabel: He swings, does he?

Albert: Yes, and so does Joe Atherly on his trombone. I guess he'll be the next swing king.

Mabel: Speaking of kings, Dot Richards is a reporter for the New York Times and had a brief interview with King George VI a while back. Florence Alexopoulos was the pilot of the plane she went on. She's the first woman to fly a trans-Atlantic transport plane and Barbara Gage is the stewardess on the same plane. She's a registered nurse, you know.

Albert: Oh yes, I read about it in the paper. It was in the same paper I saw about Polychronopoulos winning the national pool championship in Chicago.

Mabel: And do you know who else is in Chicago?

Albert: No, who?

Mabel: Winifred Hwalek and Teresa Caputi. They are secretaries in Bamford's law office.

Albert: They all seem to have left the little town, haven't they? Dorr and Swenson are in partnership in the garage business in Newburyport———

Mabel (interrupting): And Janet Barton went to Germany to start her journalistic career, but how she must miss Ruth Riley! They were inseparable pals in high school. Ruth is a nurse now in the office of Priscilla Bailey, the well-known heart specialist. She set up her practice in Cambridge.

Albert: Benedix has a toy business right across the street from her office. He's subject to heart attacks and wastes a lot of business time in her office.

Mabel: Isn't Cowles in business with him?

Albert: No. He has two businesses that keep him busy. He's a manufacturer too,—crutches, canes—liniments and ointment.

Mabel: Yes, I hear Pickering was one of his salesmen. He carries along an extra supply of combs, scissors, and razors for Clemeno.

Albert: Oh, yes, he's a barber, that's right. I knew his Italian heritage would crop up sometime.

Mabel: That reminds me. Marie Anne Martel and Helene Lucey are my favorite hairdressers although Helene expects to give it up soon. She's settling in Rowley. They both have their own shops. I go to Marion's one month and to Helene's the next. Their work is marvelous. The waves are so nice and deep.

Albert: Oh — ah — where are their shops? Not in Ipswich?

Mabel: No, in Salem.

Albert: Salem. Oh, by the way, how is that dance marathon that Ethel Lampropoulos is in at Prisby's Ballroom? She sure is putting dancing back on its feet.

Mabel: Prisby's Ballroom? I thought it was "The High Hat."

Albert: Yes, but Prisby is the owner of it. You couldn't have been there lately or you would have seen Angelo Retales as the head waiter.

Mabel: Bertha Kmiec doesn't own a ballroom, but she has a dine and dance place, and what a swell dish of spaghetti you can get there!

Albert: Maybe spaghetti, but if you want a treat to some really good fried clams, you'll have to get them at Mourikas's restaurant.

Mabel: Don't tell me he's running a restaurant too! Where is it?

Albert: Well, I don't know exactly, but it's in Boston somewhere. I happened to stop in the other day on my way to see my grandfather. Oh, and I asked Mourikas how he could make such delicious clams, and he told me it's because he gets the clams from Scourletis and Lampropoulos, the local dealers.

Mabel: Do you know, the other day I tried to call up for some clams

but I couldn't get the number. The operator must be an awful thick head. I finally hung up, and we had salad for supper.

Albert: Say, you'd better go easy on that telephone operator because it's "Cunnie" Elwell. You probably interrupted her when she was just about to hear some gossip on the wires.

Mabel: Of course, I don't believe in gossip myself, but I heard that John Denningham and Helen Perry are still living happily in their houseboat on the Ipswich River.

Albert: Oh, that's stale gossip. A place to gossip is in Lowell. I go through there once in a while and the women are hanging over the back fences eight hours out of twelve.

Mabel: What were you doing in Lowell? You seem to do an awful lot of travelling. Don't you ever work?

Albert: Sure, I work every day.

Mabel: How can you when you're riding around all the time?

Albert: Well, why not? Travelling salesmen usually do.

Mabel: You, a travelling salesman? Have you met any farmers' daughters yet?

Albert: No, but I've met a farmer's wife in the person of Mary Blunda. She always said she wanted to be a farmer's wife, but I didn't think she was serious.

Mabel: Who is the farmer, by the way?

Albert: Why, it's Stanley Hetnar. He used to steal glances at her in the bus on his way to school. I guess he got tired of stealing glances and finally stole her. He's doing well with his farm. Besides that he has a milk route. Jimmy Comeau used to be my milkman, but the job was too dangerous to keep.

Mabel: A milk route dangerous?

Albert: Sure, he smashed up three or four trucks and was on the verge of smashing two or three more; so he left. Ouch! this tooth has been bothering me lately. I think I'll have it out.

Mabel: Why don't you go to see Elizabeth Witham?

Albert: What good will that do my tooth?

Mabel: Well, she has one of the largest dental offices around here.

Albert: She has?

Mabel: Why, I thought everyone knew that. It's in Beverly. Sophie Rataj is the nurse and Edith Grant is in the office as file operator.

Albert: Bob Love has a good position. He's in Hollywood.

Mabel (awestruck): Yeah?

Albert: He imitates the animals in the Walt Disnay animal cartoons.

Mabel: What ever became of Wegzyn, who used to sit behind Bob Love and kept pestering him all the time, and Nicholson, his buddy?

Albert: They're still together; they incorporated a grocery business for themselves. Nicholson is the financial backer and is hardly ever there. Wegzyn keeps saying he's going to quit but changes his mind when Nicholson promises him a raise. While I was in the store, Louise Anzuoni walked in with about a dozen kids trailing after her

Mabel: Don't tell me they were hers.

Albert: No, I thought they were too, but she explained that they were part of her kindergarten class and that she was taking them on a picnic. She asked me if Kate Morgan was working as a secretary still. I didn't know; do you?

Mabel: Yes, I had a letter a while ago from "Libby" Pickard, only her name is no longer Pickard. She stopped using it ten years ago this June, and she said that Katy had a job in a doctor's office in Lynn; she's had it for two weeks now. And let me see, there was another that has a position in a secretarial school. Oh, I remember—Ruth Dolan. "Lib" mentioned her in the letter too. Ruth has had the position ever since she left high school. Oh, before I forget it, what is Connie Tozer doing? She and you used to be pretty intimate friends.

Albert: Why, she runs a matrimonial bureau and has a column in one of the newspapers. She certainly has a lot of original ideas for the lovelorn.

Mabel: Where does she get all her new ideas?

Albert: Well, they say that there's no better teacher than experience itself.

Mabel: Has Paganis become an experienced ball player yet?

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Albert: I'll say he has. It took him only four years after he left high school to break into the major leagues, but you ought to read the write-ups Mavroides gives him in his sports column.

Mabel: It's not surprising to hear about Paganis because even in high school he seemed destined for the major leagues, but hearing about Mavroides being a sports writer simply bowls me over. Oh, Margaret Hubbard is now writing fiction which Carter Girard publishes. The last turned out to be a three volume novel.

Albert: Wow! How can she do

Mabel: Well, I was reading her autobiography in which she says she dreams the longer ones and then has them published.

Albert: I always thought that Rhodes would be a publisher, but our handsome man runs an escort bureau, and Graham, who used to help Rhodesy set up type in school, made a small fortune in stocks and is now a general man-about-town.

Mabel: I thought we'd see them all at our next class reunion, but it doesn't seem as if some of them could come; they live so far away. Take Short for instance. He joined the Foreign Legion.

Albert: Well, that is a surprise all right. But everyone seems to be following the careers you'd least expect.

Mabel: I know. I read the papers. You can't pick up one without reading about Arthur Grant, the big game hunter. Practically every paper in the country has his picture splashed over the front page.

Albert: He's on the radio too the same station as Olga Bokron, the famous blues singer. Where is the studio?

Mabel: I thought they were broadcasting direct from "Beans" Canney's night club.

Albert: "Beans" Canney's night club! What are you talking about?

Mabel: Don't you know? He's running a swanky place in New York called the "Silver Fizz." Making it pay too. Robertson designed it and painted the murals on the walls. He's a sort of combination architect and artist combined.

Albert: No kidding! Well I knew they were going far. Most of them headed for the big cities.

Mabel: Umm—Karaberis did too, —went to Hollywood. He's a big shot in the picture business. Picks out all the girls for the musical comedies.

Albert (looking at watch): Say, do you realize we've been talking for more than a half hour. We'd better beat it down to the station and report to Nate before he has us arrested.

Gifts to Girls

By James Comeau

WHAT can I buy for the girls in my class?

I asked myself one day.

Oh, why did they pick on me? Alas!

Oh, why? Oh, why? I say.

I asked all my friends to give me a hand,

But all of them said, "Nay, nay"; Then I thought of Sammy, my little pal,

I'd go and see what he'd say.

Now, Sammy, you know,

Is my pet crow

And as wise as an owl is he;

So I said, "Old Pal, will you help me out?"

"Why sure, my pal Jim," says he.

Now what can I buy for each of the girls?

Not rubies, or diamonds, or costly pearls,

But some little present I'd like to make.

In memory of High School, just a small keepsake.

Said Sammy, "Now tell me about each one,

And call on me when your lessons are done."

I did as he asked me, and when night was near,

This is what Sammy spoke in my ear:

"To Florence Alexopoulos this brown haired doll will be

A worthy rival for the blond from Manchester-by-the-Sea.

Louise Anzuoni will find this football growing dearer

As she recalls her high school days as a lusty football cheerer.

Priscilla Bailey toward biology is said to have a leaning,

Study of this little bug will give her hobby meaning.

This piece of marble, I have heard said,

Will remind Janet Barton of old Marblehead.

This bunch of carrots ripe to perfection

Will help Mary Blunda keep her rosy complexion.

A bottle of glue will hold Olga fast Because I fear that the 'Tarr' will not last.

Our little Saint Teresa so pure and bright,

Will becomingly wear this blossom white.

To Edith Grant gives this bright brick of red,

Because she's fond of a 'Brick,' 'tis said.

To the victor a laurel wreath is given;

For this Margaret Hubbard has nobly striven.

To Winifred Hwalek this boy on a bike

Will keep her company when she rides down the pike.

Bertha Kmiech, our designer, will find this tape measure serves,

When hanging a dress, to banish wrecked nerves.

A new delivery truck painted red Is an ideal gift for Ethel," he said.

- "This ticket to Rowley, Helene Lucey should like,
- Because she won't have to walk or hitch-hike.
- To Mabel Chambers, a box of paints
- Should silence any and all complaints.
- With a fine pair of specks Charlotte Curtis sees light,
- When she prolongs her studies far into the night.
- For Ruthie Dolan to stay small would be a sin which
- Can only be helped by this large can of spinach.
- Margaret Elwell, with this private phone, may exhaust all terms endearing
- And call up Rowley any time without fear of others hearing.
- This bandage give to Barbara Gage, The Florence Nightingale of her age.
- Marie Anne Martel, so quiet is she, This rattle I'd give, so some noise there will be.
- To Catherine Morgan, who financed the senior play,
- I'd give this bank. Hope she makes it pay.
- A pair of taps for Mildred to tap,
- When she goes to see that Hamilton chap.
- With a groom named Johnny for Helen Perry,
- What more could she wish to make her merry!
- Elizabeth Pickard will like these scissors new,
- To help her 'Doc' cut his way through.

To Sophie Rataj, who blushes so furiously,

MINIMUM MARKATAN MARK

- A box of powder to use luxuriously.
- For Dorothy Richards a Chevy is all very fine,
- But this little Ford will take her down the line.
- These roller skates, Ruth Riley can use every day,
- To bring her to town, from her home far away.
- Constance Tozer needs a book for each date,
- So she won't get them mixed, or ever be late.
- A fashion sheet for Elizabeth Witham, who is our best dressed girl,
- Will help to keep her up-to-date in Fashion's latest whirl."
- So off I went shopping one fine spring day
- And bought all these gifts I found on display;
- Then I showed them to Sammy and said, "Thanks Old Pal,
- How do you come to know so much about a gal?"
- He cawed and cawed and said, "I knows, I knows,
- Cause I'm quite a sheik with the lady crows."

Gifts to Boys

By Louise Anzuoni

THE afternoon sun of the first warm spring day shone lazily in the window. Here I was caged in Room 104 with an algebra lesson to do. Oh, how tired I felt as I sat there gazing out of the window! "Impossible," I sighed, "to study on such a beautiful day!" But suddenly into the clear blue rolled a dark threatening cloud shutting out the sun! It looked as if it were going to rain. Sure enough; no sooner had the thought occurred to me than the first thunder shower of spring came pouring down. I shrugged my shoulders and said. "it's better after all to be here where it's dry than outdoors." turned back to my work. It was of no use; my mind continued to wander.

I must have been dreaming thus for some minutes, for when I looked out of the window again, the rain had ceased, and there across the sky was the most beautiful rainbow that I had ever seen. "Wouldn't it be wonderful," I thought, "if I could take a trip across that arc?" For I had once heard that there was a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. There being no teacher in the room. I decided to take that trip. I went downstairs into the yard, where the rainbow hung unusually low, and began my climb up the curved slope. The way being easier than I had anticipated, I soon reached the top where I was unable to keep my balance and soon felt

myself slipping, slipping down the other side of the bow. I gained momentum as I continued and was going so fast when I came to the end that I shot off into space like a skyrocket and proceeded to lose consciousness. When I came to, I was sitting upright in a land of grass and tropical flowers, and there directly before me was indeed the pot of gold. Filled with curiosity, I reached over and lifted the gold lid of the pot. Imagine my surprise when, instead of finding it filled with gold coins, I found it full of gifts! "Why," I exclaimed again, "these are worth more to me now than gold." I needed those gifts for the boys in my class.

First I took out an harmonica. Joe Atherley, who just loves to serenade a certain red headed junior, could use this.

This mariner's compass, lying near the harmonica, is, of course, for Robert Bamford to use in steering around the Virginia Cape.

Then I drew out a make-up kit which must have been meant for Fred Benedix, our class actor.

A saxophone next came into view. Victor Boucher, I am sure, needs this new one.

A can of beans brought Frank Canney, our "Beans," to mind.

A clam strainer was the next object to catch my eye. Someone told me that Aristo Clemeno needed a new strainer at the Shell Fish Company.

This sweet cupid doll named Betty will remind James Comeau of a certain girl in the junior class.

I next drew out a jar of honey. For "Honey" Cowles, of course.

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Lying next to the jar of honey was a little doll dressed as a bride. The sight of this gift required no second thought to bestow it upon John Denningham, our class lover.

There is a certain brunette in Rowley who always has to wait for Howard Dorr. This car should make him more prompt.

Near the car was a pair of rubber heels. We shall never forget how hard it was to study when Arthur Grant came tramping into the room.

Carter Girard thinks he's a second Rudy Vallee. This megaphone is just the thing for him.

Harold Graham, a newcomer to our class, will find a comforting companion in this masculine attired doll to make up for the loss of his friend Hulbert.

This violin must be meant for Stanley Hetnar to use while he is completing one of his own make.

This notebook will help Theodore Karaberis keep his formulas straight and thus insure the safety of the laboratory and its occupants.

George Lampropoulos is, I hear, an expert clammer. I decided, therefore, to give him this clamdigger, which I next discovered.

Albert Langmaid always made our hearts go "pitter, patter" when he came walking into the class room, for we always admired the lovely wave in his hair. The rainbow pot yielded this wave lotion for you, Albert.

When I took out these number plates, I thought of Nate Love, who nearly received a ticket from a policeman for driving on Argilla Road without a license.

Lying underneath the plates was a creeping baby doll. Robert Love, our class baby, though slightly past the creeping stage, should be interested in this.

I next took out a tricycle. James Mavroides, our daily newspaper boy, needs this in his paper deliveries.

John Mourikas, an all-round athlete, will find this jump rope very useful in keeping trim during the summer months.

George Paganis is going to be a star baseball player in one of the big league teams. When I saw this baseball in the pot, I decided to give it to him.

If Roy Pickering works as faithfully around the house helping the wife as he did in the cafeteria, he will find this crumb sweeper very useful.

With this drum Evangeles Polychronopoulos, a quiet lad, will be able to demand attention.

Edward Prisby takes great pride in demonstrating to the boys how he will lead his famous band. When I discovered this baton, I knew it was just the thing for Edward.

A. A. meetings would have been very dull affairs if we hadn't had Angelo Retales attending them. when I discovered this soap box tucked among the gifts, I decided to

give it to him as an aid to his oratory.

Beside the soap box was a jar of facial cream. This would be appropriate for Charles Rhodes, our best looking boy. A pretty face must be protected.

Next a model ship was brought to light. Alexander Robertson always has a far-away look in his eyes. Maybe this ship will make his dreams come true.

Another car was hidden beneath the ship. James Scourletis needs a car with which to entertain his boy friends.

With this bat maybe Charles Short, whose favorite sport is baseball, can get more hits.

John Swenson could use this can of flit on the girls when other arguments fail.

There were only two gifts left in the pot. The first one was this little monkey. Peter Nicholson was the one in our class who was always making a monkey of himself. This must be his.

The other gift was a set of farmer's tools which has Frank Wegzyn's name on it.

After I had reached the bottom of the chest, and all the gifts had been mentally disposed of, I began replacing them in the chest. It was my intention to bring the pot of gifts back with me. When I tried to

lift it, however. I discovered that it resisted all my efforts. I was just giving up hope when the more pertinent worry of how I was going to find my way back over the path of the rainbow began to present itself and to drive out the disappointment over the gifts. I arose and looked vainly around for the end of the rainbow which I must somehow catch on to. I found to my dismay that the whole rainbow had disappeared, and I was suffering all the torments of despair when a loud buzzer sounded in my ear and brought me back to Room 104. I had slept through until four o'clock. and although my algebra lesson remained unfinished, the vision of the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow and its contents remained so clear in my mind that the problem of gifts for the boys of my class was solved, and I went home with a relieved mind and a happy heart.

Class Will

By John Denningham

BE it remembered that we, the class of 1937 of Ipswich, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being of sound mind and memory, but knowing the uncertainty of this life do make this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by us at any time heretofore made.

After the payment of our just debts and funeral charges, we bequeath and devise as follows:

To the Faculty:

Item: A radio in each room so that the laboratory will not be overcrowded at the next broadcast of a world event.

Item: Private booths and a waitress in the cafeteria.

Item: Plush chairs for morning chapel. They don't look comfortaable on the bleachers.

To the Students of I. H. S.:

Item: The injunction to keep I. H. S. as bright and shining as at present.

To the Freshmen:

Item: The fun of watching next year's freshmen get lost.

To the Sophomores:

Item: The privilege of holding a junior "prom."

Item: The honor of being called upper classmen on the upper floor.

To the Juniors:

Item: The Study Hall with its delightful view without (dump excepted) and the two oil paintings of Arthur Wesley Dow within.

Item: The privacy of an individual locker for each member of the class.

To Dorothy Adams, a car so that she may get to town more often.

To Andrew Alexopolous, a bicycle, so that he won't have to take one from the bowling alleys to deliver his papers.

To Jessie Campbell, a membership in a Marblehead yacht club so that she will have a better excuse for the time spent there.

To Napoleon Beaulieu, a more sporty looking car in which to take the lady friends home.

To Mildred Conant, the title of "Class Vamp."

To Robert Clapp, a bus line to Gloucester so that he won't have to walk home on dark, cold nights next winter.

To Theresa de Grandpré, a hook, line, and sinker with which to catch her "Fishy."

To Pete Costopolous, a piece of rope with which to tie himself to Pojasek.

To Dorothy Dupray, a book on "Walking as an Aid to Health."

To William Galanis, a position as manager of the Strand so that he won't have to carry the flashlight. To Elsa Emmons, a permanent wave so that she will not be mistaken for a boy.

To Ruth Eustace, a set of reducing exercises.

To Edward Gaudet, a position on next year's basketball team.

To Lorraine Flewelling, the distinction of being the tallest girl in the senior class.

To George Georgeopolos, a shorter route to Danvers.

To Thelma Fowler and Marjorie Shepherd, first aid kits to start them in their chosen profession.

To Grover Gibbs, a plaster cast to save his pitching arm for the big league.

To Dorothy Fuller, a screen to hide her whispered conversations from the teacher.

To Norman Graffum, a permanent position as print shop foreman.

To Aphrodite Galanis, a noise maker so that the rest of the class may sense her presence.

To Richard Hayman, a position as football coach for the Rowley Grammar School.

To Betty Hale, a position as nursemaid for all the smaller girls of the junior class.

To Donald Hazen, a job in the Waldorf Restaurant as chief bottle washer.

To Althea Hebb, a bed in Dot Dupray's house so that they won't have to be separated over night. To Richard Horton, a heater for the rumble seat so that he won't freeze on cold nights.

To Ethel Hirtle, the job of chief cook in the cafeteria.

To Gordon Hulbert, a strong cup of coffee daily to keep him awake.

To Claudine Howard, a can of brass polish to keep Joe's new trombone shining.

To Samuel Lombard, a contract to dispose of the garbage in the Town of Ipswich.

To Marjorie Hull, a life insurance policy so that she may feel safe while riding home with Beaulieu.

To Nick Markos, a successful year as captain of his football team.

To Alice Karchonas, a standing order at Gordon's Florist Shop for flowers for a sick classmate.

To Alden Mosher, a special instructor in penmanship.

To Alice Kuconis, a membership in the company, Conant and Kuconis, Bus Service.

To Robert Mullen, a set of drums to complete his one-man band.

To Lillian Lavoie, a louder bell on the school so that she may discard the alarm clock.

To Jim Nikas, a wheelchair from which to watch next year's football games.

To Ursula Lombard, a book on "How to Bring Up a Brother."

To Stewart Player, a chauffeur's uniform so that he will look more dignified while driving the madam.

To Victoria Machaj, a position on the honor roll to keep up the reputation of the family.

To Teddy Pojasek, the title of "Class Womanhater."

To Betty Martel, a pet crow as a mate for Jim's.

To Ralph Racine, the wrestling title in I. H. S.

To Mary Mavroides and Julia Markos, a carton of wheaties.

To David Smith, a vocal solo in next year's musical concert.

To Virginia Mallard, five dolls to refresh her memory of the "Quints."

To Charles Soffronas, a special edition to come out at noon so that he may deliver papers morning, noon, and night.

To Virginia McGlew, a car so Eddie won't have to walk through the woods at night.

To Rita McKinnon, a Stanley Steamer so that she may go "Foster."

To Eleanor O'Malley, a round-trip ticket to Milton.

To Lawrence Tremblay, a higher dam so that he won't have to walk around and over the bridge at high tide.

To Winifred Palladino, a house by the side of the "Rhodes."

To Priscilla Saunders, a heavy weight to be kept in her pocket on a windy day.

To Marjorie Shepherd, a pair of overalls.

To Ruth Stone, the office of dancing instructor for ambitious juniors next year.

To Jacqueline Tremblay, an "I" for cheer-leading before she succeeds in bribing the A. A. for one.

To Barbara Waite, a broom and dust cloth to help her father with his duties in the new school.

To Priscilla Worthley, two or three pillows so that when she sits at the baby grand she may look big.

In testimony whereof we hereunto set our hand and in the presence of three witnesses declare this to be our last will and testament, this twenty-third day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirty-seven.

On this twenty-third day of June, A.D. 1937, Class of 1937 of Ipswich, Massachusetts, signed the foregoing instrument in our presence, declaring it to be their last will and testament and thereafter as witnesses we two at their request, in their presence, and in the presence of each other hereto subscribe our names.

John Denningham, President, Albert Langmaid, Vice President.

Graduation Program

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Reverend Frederick C. Wilson

STRAUSSIANA—Medley of Strauss Waltzes Strauss
The Concert Orchestra

ESSAY—Early Hosiery, Silk and Lace Industries in Ipswich
August Frederick Benedix, Jr.

ESSAY—Nature's Wonderland in New Hampshire Priscilla Bailey

ESSAY—Our Debt to Horace Mann Margaret Chase Hubbard

THE INVITATION OF THE BELLS Planquette
(from the "Chimes of Normandy")
The Girls' Glee Club

STOUT HEARTED MEN Romberg
The Girls' Glee Club

ADDRESS—"The Measure of a Man"

John Nicol Mark

WALTZ OF THE FLOWERS

(from the "Nutcracker Suite")

The Combined Clubs

PRESENTATION OF PRIZES

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS
Fred D. Harris, Chairman of School Committee

BENEDICTION

Reverend Frederick C. Wilson

(The audience will please be seated while class marches out)

Class Day Program

Part I

"TICKLESS TIMES"

A Comedy in One Act

By

Susan Glaspell

Scene: A garden in Provincetown

The Cast

Ian Joyce, Who Has Made a Sun-dial Eloise Joyce, Wedded to the Sun-dial Mrs. Stubbs, a Native Eddy Knight, a Standardized Mind Alice Knight, a Standardized Wife Annie, Who Cooks by the Joyce's Clock,

Roy Pickering Constance Tozer Kathryn Morgan Nathaniel Love Helene Lucey

Charlotte Curtis

Part II

Class History

Written by Charles Rhodes

and delivered by Carter Girard

Class Prophecy

Mabel Chambers, Albert Langmaid 1957

Time:

Somewhere on the Newburyport

Turnpike

Gifts to Girls

James Comeau

Gifts to Boys

Louise Anzuoni

Class Will

John Denningham

School Song

Music by I. H. S. Orchestra

Under the direction of Mr .Tozer

Honor Awards — 1937

THREE YEAR AWARD

Priscilla Bailey
Margaret Hubbard

TWO YEAR AWARD

Frederick Benedix Jane Wilson

ONE YEAR AWARD
Hope Mansfield

FLORENCE ALEXOPOULOS

We think Florence is about the nicest girl in our class. She has a frank pleasant smile, and never a bad word for anyone. She couldn't be improved upon, but neither is she "goody-goody." She has a mischievous light in those brown eyes and certainly enjoys herself with her bosom companions, Olga and Ethel. A. A.; Glee Club 2 yrs.; "Tiger" Staff; Commercial Club.

LOUISE ANZUONI

"Lovey" is the second of the Anzuoni sisters to undertake the cheerleading duties. On the football field you can always hear her voice above all others cheering our boys on to victory. She's so nice and such a good sport that we had to elect her our most popular girl. Class Treas. '36-'37; Letter girl; Head Cheerleader; "Tiger" Staff; A. A.; Class Day Part.

JOSEPH ATHERLEY

According to "Joe," he "just doesn't live right." As is the tradition with all musicians, "Joe" after rehearsing all night is always tired and ready for a rest (usually in classes). The dearest thing in life to him is his slide-trombone, although a red-headed twin has been running a close second. He attempted to compose music this winter and though he met with apparent lack of success, this may foreshadow a great future in musical circles. Who knows? Joe pitched for the Ipswich nine in his spare moments. Football Letterman '37; Glee Club 3 yrs.; "Tiger" Staff; A. A.; Band 7 yrs.; Dance Orchestra; Concert Orchestra.

PRISCILLA BAILEY

"Sil" seems to be at the head of every organization in the senior class, and her shoulders are bowed with responsibility. She also crams in knowledge in her spare moments and is well-liked by her fellow classmates. Tending the candy room takes up her noon-hours. She and Benedix are usually in a hot discussion over some trivial matter, causing bystanders to wax hilarious at times and to run for their lives at others. Each enjoys the other's jokes. "Sil" can usually be found with her pal. Connie. Editor-in-Chief of "Cub" and "Tiger"; Vice-President of A. A.; Consul of Latin Club '35: Class Secretary '34; Glee Club 4 yrs.; Candy Room; Honor Award 3 yrs.; Graduation Essay; Letter Girl; Senior Play.

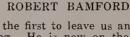












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"Bob" was the first to leave us and presaged the general parting. He is now on the Massachusetts training-ship "Nantucket." He is aiming at being ultimately a commanding officer in the Merchant Marine. "Bob's" oratory and extensive vocabulary often caused our eyes to open wide with admiration. We fear that Massachusetts lost a great Congressman when Bob decided to follow the sea. Vice-President '33.



JANET BARTON

"Jan," our prettiest girl, seems to be the cynosure of all eyes, but her good looks can not be said to have gone to her head. She is always being teased by our football coach but can take it apparently. She intends to be a private secretary to some handsome business man, and we envy this mythical person, as yet unaware of his good fortune. Letter Girl; Glee Club '34-'35; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staff '37; A. A.; Commercial Club; Latin Club '35.



A. FREDERICK BENEDIX, JR.

"Benny" is our class mischief-maker, who like Peter Pan, seems to have the secret of eternal youth. He is blessed with a look of perennial innocence which is of great assistance when he has some mischief afoot. When he is discovered, his infectious laugh usually wards off all disaster and changer frowns to smiles. He will be a son of "Fair Harvard" next year and is already making plans for painting Cambridge red. He always looks quite collegiate and is a model for what the "Harvardian" man will wear. He was leading man in the senior play and won the title of Class Actor for his excellent work. Basebal! Letterman; Football Manager; Latin Club '35-'36; Honor Award 2 yrs.; Graduation Essay; Senior Play; President of A. A. '37.



MARY BLUNDA

"Mae" is about the most happy-go-lucky person in the class. She spends her afternoons walking to Rowley. Perhaps that's how she keeps her slender sylph-like figure. Treas. of Glee Club '37; A. A.; Home Economics Club 2 yrs.; Vice-President of the Commercial Club.

OLGA BOKRON

"Olgi," noted for her dark curls, is one of our smallest girls. She seems to be able to command plenty of vitality for one her size. She loves dancing and is quite accomplished in this art. She and Florence and Ethel form a lively trio and have many secrets. Glee Club 2 yrs.; "Tiger" Staff; A. A.; Commercial Club; Latin Club 1 yr.

VICTOR BOUCHER

"Bush" has played with outside orchestras all during his high school years and has succeeded in keeping up in his class work. He is really an accomplished sax player. A well known proverb that haunts him is, "a saxophone is an ill wind that nobody blows good." It's hard to keep a straight face whenever he makes a witty remark, and it's very seldom he is without one. We think he's swell—every last pound of him. Shop Club; Glee Club; "Tiger" Staff.

FRANK CANNEY

"Beans" specializes in mathematics and clamming, and, as you might suppose, he will continue to solve his problems at "Tech" next year. "Beans" idea of Paradise would be a world without women, and some of us wonder why he didn't win the title of class woman-hater. Next to women "Beans" could do without the study of English. He showed his financial ability in business managing the "Cub" and "Tiger" so that money was saved whereby we usually end up "in the hole." We expect him to achieve his pet ambition to be "a chemical engineer with a big salary" and to make his mark in the world. Class Secretary '36-'37; Business Mgr. of "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs; A. A.; Latin Club '34.

TERESA CAPUTI

Teresa is one of those hardworking girls who always have their homework done. She is quite unobstrusive, and her voice is seldom raised about school. She is a very important member of the future secretaries' group in the Commercial Department. Glee Club; A. A.; Commercial Club.

















MABEL CHAMBERS

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"Mabel" is our class actress and plays elderly characters to perfection. She does her share in orating, as the members of the Economics class will always remember, and she made a hot, hard fight for caps and gowns for graduation. Glee Club; A. A.; "Cub" Staff '35-'36-'37; "Tiger" Staff; Home Economics Club '37; Class Day Part.

ARISTY CLEMENO

"Clemmie" is a taciturn sort of person until it comes to talking about his favorite baseball team. Then prepare for a stream of conversation! He seems to have many friends in the shop division with whom he reads the sporting section of the newspaper first period every morning. A. A.

JAMES COMEAU

"Jimmie" is an usher at the local theatre but judging by his performances as a temperamental artist in the senior play, he should exchange his position in front of the screen to the part of the handsome hero behind it. He is very porular with the ladies but scorns the title of ladies' man. Senior Play; A. A.; Shop Club; Class Day Part; "Tiger" Staff.

HOWARD J. COWLES

"Honey," our retail dealer in stamps and all-round business man, makes a pastime of "thumbing" rides into Boston to see his broker. It was feared for a while that "Honey" would spend the rest of his natural life on crutches, but he recovered after several relapses and can now continue to amass his vast fortune on two feet. His 190 pounds and six feet two inches made him one of Coach Connary's valued assets. He held down the line for Ipswich for four years until injuries stopped his career in the middle of last season. Football Letterman 3 yrs.; A. A.; President '37 and Vice-President '36 of Varsity Club; "Cub" Staff '35; "Tiger" Staff; Class Treas. '35; Treas. of A. A. '37.

CHARLOTTE CURTIS

"Charl" is our mischievous member and keeps Mr. Conary in constant fear of having the "Lab" blown up when she's experimenting in chemistry. She also upheld the honor of the class in a competitive examination for a scholarship, and we're certanly proud of her. Tufts' Lab., watch out! Here comes Charlotte! "Tiger" Staff; A. A.; Latin Club '35-'36.

JOHN DENNINGHAM

"Johnny" is our class president, class musician, and the masculine half of the class lovers. He seems to be liked by everybody, especially Helen, and his popularity was increased among the boys when he cast that all-important deciding vote against caps and gowns. We expect him to become America's leading trumpet player within the next few years. His ambition is to start his career in the Navy band. Class President '35, Vice-President '36, President '37: Glee Club; "Tiger" Staff; A. A.; Band; Concert Orchestra; Shop Club; Class Day Part.

RUTH DOLAN

"Ruthie" has hair as golden as the sunshine and a smile to match. She used to have long curls but cut them off as too juvenile for a high school girl. She seems to have a way with children and can often be seen around town with several in tow, while their mothers enjoy a brief respite. No matter how trying her charges may become, Ruthie still finds time to chuckle. We envy her her serenity. Glee Club; A. A.; Commercial Club; Home Economics Club 2 yrs.

HOWARD DORR

"Spike" is one of our "he-men" (we conclude the shop must develop physique). We always thought he was somewhat indifferent to feminine wiles, until we saw him proudly escorting a fair lass from Rowley to the Senior Hop. We have heard since that he is strongly advocating that a road be built connecting his house directly with Rowley. Good luck, Spike, and may your dreams come true. Baseball Letterman; A. A.

















MARGARET ELWELL

MARKARIA KARARIA KARARI

Bubbling over with gossip and laughter is "Cunnie," but she is also dependable. We know nothing definite about what she does outside of school, but she rides around town a lot with "Fat," and we've heard rumors of other things. She is another of the Commercial girls. Glee Club; "Tiger" Staff; A. A.; Commercial Club.

BARBARA GAGE

"Babs" is our feminine Fred Astaire. She came to us in our sophomore year, and we are glad she did! From what we hear, her time outside of school hours is taken up by some one special. Glee Club; A. A.; Commercial Club '37; Home Economics Club; Latin Club '35.

LEONARD GIRARD

"Jigger" is Coach Burke's right hand man on the baseball team and does an efficient job of managing. He also kept the nerves of the senior play cast from cracking on the big night by his calm presence. It can easily be seen that though "Jigger" is unobtrusive and quiet, he is right there when you need him, and that kind of person is much appreciated, especially in the excitement of the senior year. Manager of Baseball; Glee Club; Stage Manager of the Senior Play; A. A.; Treas. of the Shor Club '36.

HAROLD GRAHAM

"Bud" isn't heard from much, until someone tells a funny story. Then his burst of laughter deafens everyone within ten feet. He came into the homeroom a little late this year, but we were glad to see him. Shop Club; A. A.; Letterman in Football.

ARTHUR GRANT

"Art" believes that seriousness is an asset in life and has the courage of his convictions. His walk, half-way between a sailor's roll and a swagger, distinguishes him. Perhaps he developed it on his daily walks about town covering his paper route. A. A.; Latin Club '35.



EDITH GRANT

"Dee" has fun with her friend "Katey" Morgan. Every noon, one may find them in the cafeteria chattering about some very interesting subject. When "Dee" isn't with "Katey," she is usually very quiet and concentrates on studying. A. A.; Commercial Club.



STANLEY HETNAR

"Stan," elected class blusher, is a believer in the adage "Silence is golden" until he gets his hands on a violin, and then he speaks through his beloved strings. He promises to make Rubinoff sound like a beginner when he finishes that Stradivarius he's making at shop. Dance and Concert Orchestra.

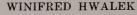


MARGARET HUBBARD

"Margie" is of the studious type, although she hates the title. The class elected her as their authoress and well she deserves the title, for a good portion of her time is spent in writing stories for the "Cub." We who know her think she's "the tops," and behind all that serious look there's a twinkle in the eye and a well-developed sense of humor. Letter Girl; Glee Club; Senior Play Staff; "Cub" Staff '36-'37; "Tiger" Staff; Secretary of A. A.; Latin Club '35-'36; Honor Award 3 yrs.; Graduation Essay; Chapel Music.







"Winnie's" dignity puts us all to shame, at least while she's in school. She is a very quiet person and likes to sit in the cafeteria at noon with her bosom friend Elizabeth Pickard who does most of the talking, needless to say. A. A.; Commercial Club; Home Economics Club; Glee Club '34.



TEDDY KARABERIS

"Chick," another mad scientist, has given the science classes in the last four years many a scare. He has earned his title as class woman-hater fairly and squarely, by frowning on all "us girls." He has shown considerable interest in baseball and has performed in right field for Mr. Burke's team. A. A.



BERTHA KMIEC

"Bertha" is one of the quieter members among the seniors and serves as an antidote to some of our "hot-air" artists. She is a cook and spends all her spare time developing her culinary arts. Glee Club; A. A.; President of Home Economics Club.



ETHEL LAMROPOULOS

"Tarr" is always the "life of the party" with an overflowing enthusiasm for life and a winning smile for everyone. Her ambition for the last seven months has been to make her hair grow longer. She and Olga and Florence make one wonder what the non-stor endurance record for the human voice is. "Tiger" Staff; A. A.; Commercial Club Treasurer '37.

GEORGE LAMPROPOULOS

"Chink" is one of those people who have the faculty of taking things with a smile. He is usually on the wrong end of all the shop jokes, but he still preserves his equilibrium. He never seemed to be with us in the home room, but preferred the machines and lumber of manual-training. A. A.; Shop Club.

ALBERT LANGMAID

"Al" was given the deserved title of best dressed boy. His subtle humor that grows on you with acquaintance tends to liven up many dull moments both in and out of school. Almost any time during the lunch period he can be found at the candy counter and it's our guess that it isn't the sweet things on the counter that he's after, but the sweet thing behind it. He is also a prominent member of that non-school organization "The Hawks' Club." He was always elected to every class committee and office. Vice-President '35-'37; "Tiger" Staff; Class Day Part.

NATHANIEL LOVE, JR.

"Nate," also known as "Jerry" and "Info," tips the scales at a mere two hundred pounds. He has a hearty laugh which, especially when combined with that of Benedix, is arresting to say the least. "Nate" likes the girls and isn't ashamed of it. They seem to reciprocate, although he sometimes nearly crushes them when he starts to tease. He and "Beans" like to get up early in the morning and go clamming. They will continue their comradeship at Tech next year. Nate is also a farmer and makes a specialty of hog raising. Although he didn't join us till this year, we can't imagine the class without him. Glee Club: Senior Play; A. A.

ROBERT LOVE

"Bob," the "little Love," also came from Littleton in our senior year and immediately fitted in as if he'd always been one of us. Although he is class baby, he played the part of an elderly professor excellently in the senior play and nearly brought down the house when he came in as an Indian with blanket, headdress, and spectacles. His chief difficulty is in always being overshadowed in size by "Nate," but he seems to manage quite well in the face of such competition. Glee Club; Senior Play; "Cub" Staff; "Tiger" Staff; A. A.

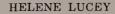




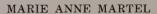








Helene played an unsympathetic part in the Senior Play and made the whole audience thoroughly dislike her, thereby proving that her portrayal was excellent. She is a different kind of person in real life, however, and there is nothing at all commanding or dignified about her chuckle. We shall always remember her exertion of will-power on the night of presentation, in keeping a straight face when the curls on the powdered wig tickled her nose. We laughed and laughed at her dress rehearsals and even Miss Allen was forced to give up coaching for fifteen minutes and succumb to mirth. Glee Club '35: Senior Play; A. A.; Concert Orchestra; Latin Club '35.



"Marie," scorning our company, travels about mostly with the lower classmen, or rather women. She doesn't waste her time fooling in classes. We think her face would serve as a good model for a madonna. Glee Club; A. A.; Latin Club '36.



JAMES MAVROIDES

"Bomby" is probably the hardest working boy in school when it comes to manual labor, for he has been known actually to "slave." In his junior year he met with an unfortunate accident which ended his football career almost as soon as it began. He was a member of one of the football teams and held down his position with gusto! A. A.; Shop Club.



KATHERINE MORGAN

To "Kay" we owe a great deal of the success of the Senior Play. As business manager she spent many an hour in straightening out the tangled finances, thereby showing that boys aren't the only ones with heads for business. She is one of our liveliest and most popular girls and is also very dependable. Letter Girl; Glee Club; Senior Play Staff; "Tiger" Staff; A. A.; Commercial Club.

JOHN MOURIKAS

CLARICALIA CALEGRA CAL

"Johnny" is another of our quiet members, but he loses no popularity by his silence. As a cocaptain and a mainstay of the victorious '36 football team along with playing "field" on the baseball nine, he has proved his prowess as an athlete. Letterman Baseball, Football; "Tiger" Staff; A. A.; Shop Club.

PETER NICKOLSON

"Turk" was voted class "nut," and the title certainly fits because he never allows a dull moment at any time. He spends most of his time with "Farmer" Wegzyn, another of the same type, and they keep things moving. However, Peter is clever with his tools and is kept busy as repair man around school. A. A.; Shop Club.

MILDRED O'MALLEY

"Mimi" is famous for her big, bright smile. Perhaps that lad from Hamilton may have something to do with its origin. She is one of our most active members. Along with her two sisters she causes a junior boy's curly head to whirl. Glee Club; A. A.; Commercial Club.

GEORGE PAGANIS

"Pagani" is one of our "shop" boys. Sensational fielding, timely hitting, and effective relief pitching with the baseball nine earned for him the title of captain for the past two seasons. He also played a prominent part on the football squad of "35" and "36." To all appearances, girls don't interest him much. Letterman Baseball, Football; A. A.; Shop Club.

















HELEN PERRY

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Helen is a little girl with a nice smile and big brown eyes which can see only Johnnie Denningham. Not that we can blame her, but she has taken our class president out of circulation. We have become resigned to the situation, however, and elected them class lovers. She played the part of little Blanchette in "The Millionaire" to perfection, with pig-tails, short socks, brief dress, and extremely naive remarks which were enjoyed hugely by the audience. A. A.; Letter Girl; Glee Club '35-'36-'37; Senior Play; Class Lover; Glee Club Officer.

. ELIZABETH PICKARD

"Lib" is kept busy taking dictation from Mr. Conary and the other teachers and then typing their letters. She will make someone an excellent secretary. We have noticed that she is in rather a quandary as to where to place her loyalties, when Ipswich meets Hamilton in an athletic contest. However hard she may try, though, she can't help looking pleased when "Buddy" does something outstanding out on the field. "Cub" and "Tiger" Staff; A. A.; Commercial Club; Glee Club '34-'35.

ROY PICKERING

"Alert" is the adjective that applys to "Pick" because he is always on his toes to do every odd iob that comes up. He makes even the hardest task seem easy with his wide grin and shrill whistling. He seems to have capitulated to the charms of a girl from Rowley and will orate at length on the superiority of "my girl." Vice-President of Glee Club: Shop Club; A. A.; Letterman Football.

EVANGELES POLYCHRONOPOULOS

"Fat." besides trying to figure out what's in a name, shows some very fine talent at basketball. For recreation he resorts to pool and never ends up behind the eight ball, for he devotes every spare rooment to this pastime. He has developed into a perfect master of the cue. He is also an able paper boy and treads our streets day after day with never a miss. A. A.; Shor Club.

EDWARD PRISBY

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"Legs" has certainly supported athletics in high school. He played a smashing game at end on the football team and starred at center in the interclass basketball games. Spring finds him on the baseball diumond. Besides all this, "Legs" keeps up his school-work, learns the latest dance-steps, and has an eye for the girls who, needless to say, think he's cuite a hero. Letterman Football and Baseball; A. A.; Shop Club.

SOPHIE RATAJ

Sophie should serve as a model for some of us with her nice quiet ways. We imagine that she and Bertha have many good times together—but who does the talking? And we doubt if they ever argue! It must be an ideal friendship. Home Economics Club.

DOROTHY RICHARDS

"Ritri," the merrymaker of the senior class, is a talented girl. She writes hilarious poetry and has drawn many of the advertising posters for us. Look at her picture and you'll see why she's so popular with the other sex. Strangely, though, in spite of an attraction to the boys, she still manages to be popular with the girls, with no green tinge present. "Dot" deserves congratulations. President of Commercial Club; A. A.; "Tiger" Staff; Glee Club '33-'34-'35; Home Economics Club.

ANGELO RETALES

"Vingy" is a rugged individual who holds his mates spellbound with his ten-syllabled words. His heated arguments afford plenty of merriment especially when he "blows up" in the middle of them. He very seldom loses his arguments, for his vocabulary is so much greater than that of his opponent that a debate is simply a "duck sour" to him. Letterman Football; A. A.; Shop Club.

















CHARLES RHODES

OPPORTURAL OF THE PROPERTY OF

"Charlie" is a friend of everyone in the class because he has all the qualities that go to make for popularity. He was chosen best-looking boy and he was surprised at the honor! There is never a moment when his hair isn't flawlessly sleek, even when he was displaying his ability at holding a basketball this past winter. A. A.; Shop Club President '37; "Tiger" Staff; Class Day Part.

RUTH RILEY

Wherever one hears much giggling and talking, one is bound to find "Cotsy," one of our coquettish members. "Cotsy" is very seldom seen without "Lovey" and "Jan" and they are known as our "Three Musketeers." Her fluttering eye-lashes have ensnared many a harless male, but "Cotsy" just loves 'em and leaves 'em. Letter Girl; President of Glee Club; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staff; A. A.

ALEXANDER ROBERTSON, JR.

We can't think of any adjective that can do justice to describe "Sandy," but the whole class will remember him as one of our outstanding members. He was a co-captain of the football team last fall and was known as a "stone-wall" center. "Sandy" draws full-rigged ships, or any other kind of boat you may ask for, on odd scraps of paper. He also plays the trumpet with Denningham, our class president, and Mr. Tozer will miss them both next year when he has to look for two other players. A. A.; Letterman Football '35-'36; Class Treas. '33; Cocaptain; Class President '35; Band 7 yrs.; Dance and Concert Orchestra 2 yrs.

JAMES SCOURLETIS

We don't know much about "Jimmy" because he never says a great deal. We did hear though that he always wanted to play football but was kept from doing so until this year. Then he went out last fall and by working hard won a tackle position. The rest of the school was as glad as he was because he certainly helped to make the fine season we had. Football Letterman; A. A.; Shop Club.

CHARLES SHORT

"Charlie" comes from Rowley, but spends most of his time in Irswich. Coach Burke finds him indispensable in the outfield on the baseball team. We hope he can go on into the big leagues and become a member of the Boston Bees, his favorite team. Charlie has been one of our Shop recluses during the past two years. A. A.; Baseball; Shop Club.

JOHN SWENSON

We never seem to hear much about John which is a fairly reliable indication that he takes care of his own affairs and keeps out of trouble. We do know that he has a kind of dry humor that is much appreciated when he chooses to use it. Swenson must have grown considerably last summer because while in other years he has been rather hidden behind our six-footers, this winter he has been able to hold his own with the tallest. "Tiger" Staff; A. A.; Latin Club '35.

CONSTANCE TOZER

"Connie" was given the title of class vamp. You may always find her with Priscilla behind the "sweets" in the candy room. She is always ready to listen when one speaks of Governor Dummer Academy, but we suspect that her mind wanders hither and yon, speculating on the number of hearts yet to be won. She is quite the baton-twirler, and members of opposing football teams are ant to play traitor when Connie marches on the field. Letter Girl Cheerleader; Glee Club: Senior Play: "Cub" and "Tiger" Staff: A. A.; Commercial Club; Candy Room; Drum Major.

FRANK WEGZYN

"Farmer." our representative to agriculture, is also an athlete, having made the varsities in the three sports that Ipswich offers for boys. He and "Pete" Nickolson are inseparable; where ther's one, the other isn't far off. They combine to take apart desks and put them together again and also to do all the other odd jobs around school. Letterman Baseball and Football; Shop Club; A.A.











ELIZABETH WITHAM

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One may find in "Libby" a good example of what the well dressed school girl should wear. She is a tiny blonde with a wide smile. She cultivates the latest in hair styles with many curls fearfully and wonderfully made. Glee Club '35-'36; "Tiger" Staff; A. A.; Latin Club '35-'36; Chapel Music.

WHO'S WHO

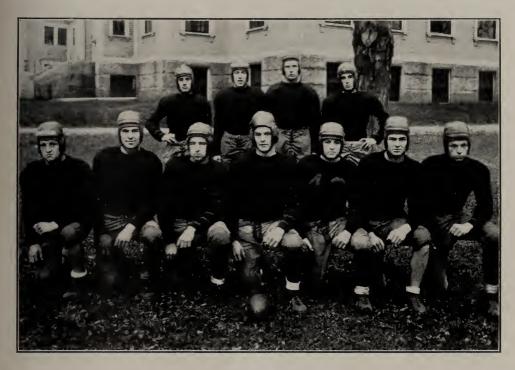
THE STATE OF THE S

Favorite Saying	"I beg your pardon" "Oh sure!" "Yeah?"	"Cats!" "Cats!" "Oh veah!"	"Oh no!"	"Tough!" "Phink shout it"	"Yeah!" "I don't know"	"Get out"	"Nuts" "I'll see you at Priscilla's" "Oh catfish" "That's tough" "Oh!"	"Cripes" "Oh!" "Wait a minute"	"It's a fact!"	"Oh well, what's the dif?" "O'huh" "I haven't got any!" "Gee!"
Ambition	To be an aviatrix To be an English instructor withTo be an orchestra leader	To squelch Benedix To be a sea captain To be a journalist	To grow up To put on weight	To be a dress designer. To be a chorus boy To be a chemical engineer.	To be a secretary To be an authoress, actress,	and artist To be manager of the Ipswich "Get out!"	Steffing Company To be a deep sea diver To be a tennis champion To be a teacher To be a naval officer Te be a secretary To be a mechanical		To be a file operator	To learn to whistle To be a secretary To be a chemist To be a dressmaker
Pastime	Walking Studying Going to the movies with	Arguing with Cowles Studying Riding	Going to Melrose Walking	Playing the "sax" Collecting stamps	Walking Reading	Shucking clams	y Working Playing tennis Riding her bicycle Boat-riding with Helen Taking care of children Going to Rowley	Writing letters Going to the Beverly airport Working Shucking clams	Denvering papers Chumming with Kay Plaving a fiddle	Dashing about Going to the show with Lib Playing baseball Sewing
Appearance	Stately Charming Shy	Fair Serious Beautiful	Collegiate Meek	Jolly Serious	Tiny Bright	Dark	Good-looking Working Sleepy Playing Worried Riding h Lovelorn Boat-ridi Laughing Taking c Athletic Going to	Efficient Quiet Tall Amiable Bachful	Quiet Blushing	Neat Brunette Studious Quiet
Nickname	"Flo" "Lovey" "Joe"		"Freddy" "Mae"	"Vic" "Beans"	"Tree" "Maybe"	"Muzzle"	"Tim" "Honey" "Char" "Johnny" "Ruthie"	"Cunny" "Bobby" "Jigger" "Bud"	"Dee" "Stan"	"Margie" "Winnie" "Chick" "Ber"
Name	Florence Alexopoulos Louise Anzuoni Joseph Atherley	Priscilla Bailey Robert Bamford Janet Barton	Frederick Benedix, Jr. Mary Blunda	Victor Boucher Frank Cannev	Teresa Caputi Mabel Chambers	Aristy Clemeno	James Comeau Howard Cowles Charlotte Curtis John Denningham Ruth Dolan Howard Dorr	Margaret Elwell Barbara Gage Carter Girard Harold Graham Arthur Grant	Edith Grant Stanley Hetnar	Margaret Hubbard Winifred Hwalek Theodore Karaberis Bertha Kmiec

WHO'S WHO (continued)

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Favorite Saying	"Don't worry!"	flow. "Darby, ain't it?" "You're quea" "Oh swell!" "Oh gee!"	"Pretty nobby" "Seen Farmer?"	"Blame it on my youth" "For Pete's sake" "Huh!"	"Oh Cow!"	"Scratch" "What's that?" "So what!" "Okey dokie ducky"	"Hey," Bennie" "Or sumpthin" "Oh no!"	"Listen" "Really?" "Oh yeah!" "Rats."	"I don't like you" "So what!" "Live and Learn"
Ambition	To be a secretary To be the best clam digger	In a powing the control of the contr	The perfect secretary To manage the Red Sox To be far, far away from	rarmer To be a bookkeeper To be a baseball star To be a beautician	To be a secretary To be a sailor some day	To be a rool shark To be a good dancer To be a success To be an orchestra leader	100	FEEL	ciam nats To be a reporter To be away from "Turk" To be a dental nurse
Pastime	Dancing Clamming	Learning to dance Hunting Making whoopee Riding with Jerry Dancing Snorts	ring Milk g for Farmer	Dancing Sports Riding in the boat with	Johnny Going to the movies Going to Rowley	Playing pool Sports Reading Riding with Joe	Smoking cigars Listening to ball games Fussing with her hair	Freezing the company out Going to school Playing baseball Camping	Writing to Hyannis, etc. Athletics Breaking noses
Appearance	Peppy Retiring	Good-looking Jelly Impish Sporty Good-looking	Good-natured Serious Mischievous	Vivacious Tiny Petite	Dimply Husky	Quiet Lanky Unobtrusive Cute	Pugnacious Sheikish Coy	Athletic Bored Tall Blonde	Attractive Fugged Chic
Nickname	"Tarr" "Lampson"	"Al" "Nate" "Bobbie" "Pat" "Tweesix"	"Kay" "Johnie" "Turk"	"Mimi" "Paganie" "Johnny"	"Lib" "Pick"	"Fat" "Legs" "Soph" "Ritz"	"Butch" "Charlie" "Cotsy"	"Sandy" "Jimmy" "Shortie" "Bluebeard"	"Connie" "Farmer" "Libby"
Name	Ethel Lampropoulos George Lampropoulos	Albert Langmaid Nathaniel Love Robert Love Helene Lucey Marie Martel	Kathryn Morgan John Mourikas Peter Nicholson	Mildred O'Malley George Paganis Helen Perry	Elizabeth Pickard Roy Pickering Evangeles	Polychronopoulos Edward Prisby Sophie Rataj Dorothy Richards	Angelo Retales Charles Rhodes Ruth Riley	Alexander Kobertson James Scourletes Charles Short John Swenson	Constance Tozer Frank Wegzyn Elizabeth Witham



FOOTBALL TEAM

Front row, left to right: Frank Wegzyn '37, James Scourletis '37, Angelo Retales '37, Alexander Robertson '37, Nick Markos '38, Roy Pickering '37, Edward Prisby '37.

Back row, left to right: James Nikas '38, John Mourikas '37, Grover Gibbs, 38,

George Paganis '37.

SPORTS REVIEW.

FOOTBALL SEASON

THE last football team to represent old Manning made a fine record by finishing the football history of the school in a blaze of glory. Their courageous little team, led by our first co-captains, "Sandy" Robertson and Johnnie Mourikas, went in against heavier teams and refused to be beaten by injuries. The high spot in the season was the trip to Brewer, Maine. Seventeen members of the team, Manager Benedix, Coaches Conary and Burke, and a number of

school and town enthusiasts made the trip. Everyone en joyed himself thanks to the hospitality of the Brewer people. There is strong enthusiasm for next year when Brewer will visit Ipswich in the fall to continue the series.

This year's team was not only a strong team but was a very co-operative team. A very large percentage of these players were our own classmates. These players were Johnnie quarter-back: "Sandy" Mourikas. Robertson, center; Frank Wegzyn, right end; James Scourletis, tackle; Howard Cowles, tackle; Roy Pickering, tackle; Angelo Retales, guard; Edward Prisby, left end; George Paganis, half-back, and Joseph Atherly, center. There were but few underclassmen on the varsity squad.

THE SEASON'S SCORES

	September 19
Ipswich	0 Gloucester 0
	September 28
Ipswich	Portsmouth 6
	October 3
Ipswich	
	October 9
Ipswich	6 Danvers 7
	October 24
Ipswich	6 Brewer 0
	October 31
Ipswich	
	November 7
Ipswich	Secs. 19 Gov. Dummer 0
	November 11
Ipswich	Hamilton 0
	November 16
Ipswich	O Johnson 15
	November 21
Ipswich	6 Amesbury 13

SEASON'S RECORD

and the same and t

Won 6, Tied 1, Lost 3 Ipswich Scoring 68 Opponents 28

There were three major injuries during the season. Howard Cowles injured his knee, Johnnie Mourikas broke his collar-bone, and Jimmy Nickas '38 bruised his collar-bone.

BASEBALL

THIS season's baseball opened with the home team victorious. Coach Burke's lads vanquished Hyannis completely in the three game series and went on with better than fair luck for the season.

The varsity squad, like the football squad, was made up largely of seniors. Three of the pitchers were our classmates, Atherley, Nicholson, and Captain Paganis, who also played third base. The other seniors in the infield were Howard Dorr, catcher; Edward Prisby, first-baseman, and Frank Wegzyn, short-stop. Charlie Short. Teddy Karaberis. Johnnie Mourikas, John Swenson and James Mayroides made up the outfield with Leonard Girard as manager. under classmen were Jadul, pitcher; Smith, second baseman; Markos, third and right field; Soffronas, second base and outfield; Wile, second baseman; and Kiepaz, catcher.

Inc S	E HOON 5	SCURES	
	May 3		
Ipswich 14		Hyannis	6
	May 5		
Inswich 13		Hyannis	7

	May 6	
Ipswich 13	May 12	Hyannis 5
Ipswich 5	•	Rockport 11
In any ob O	M ay 20	St. John's 7
Ipswich 2	May 21	
Ipswich 2		Rockport 6
Ipswich 9	May 26	Punchard 1
•	May 28	a. •
Ipswich 4	May 29	St. Anne's 3
Ipswich 13		St. John's 3
Ipswich 3	June 2	Punchard 11

BASKETBALL

THE rebirth of basketball under the supervision of Coaches Conary and MacDonald in the new gymnasium brought added interest during the winter months. Mr. Mac-Donald was the coach of the shop teams which were made up of juniors and seniors from the Shop Club with inter-room games. Mr. Conary discovered very good prospects for the coming year. By elimination among the different teams, the shop team was proved superior to the others by defeating the junior class team in the finals.

Girls' basketball was reorganized under the leadership of Miss Blodgett and Miss Arthur. There were no inter-class competitions.

Next year will bring an increase in basketball activity with greater organization and perhaps some interscholastic games scheduled.

SOCIAL REVIEW.

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The Pageant

EARLY in January, when we were presented with a brand new building to house the Ipswich High School population, it seemed only fitting to commemorate that event with some ceremony. Therefore, the classes joined together to present a pageant "The Builders" by Walter L. Bissell, under the general direction of Mr. Henry Merson.

It was a colorful affair, with Ursula Lombard in the role of America and Richard Horton as the youth who seeks to learn how the Temple of the Nation (the United States) was founded and how it is developing. America explains by calling on some of her builders, such as Steel Workers, Mariners, Agriculturists, Chemists, Writers, etc., each of whom speaks of his part in building the Temple. Several of the builders' speeches were illustrated by tableaux, and the uncovering of each brought admiring exclamations from the audience, for all were exceptionally well executed.

Finally, among the chorus, the dancers, the tableaux, the speaking parts, and the musical organizations, which played an sang during the performance, nearly the whole school was represented, making the rehearsals as well as the presentation a jolly time but none the less worth while and an effective and appropriate means of dedicating the new school.



SENIOR PLAY CAST AND STAFF

Front row, left to right: Helen Perry, Mabel Chambers, Helene Lucey, Constance Tozer,
Priscilla Bailey.

Back row, left to right: Katherine Morgan, Frederick Benedix, James Comeau, Nathaniel Love, Robert Love, Margaret Hubbard.

THE SENIOR PLAY.

THE class of 1937 presented "The Millionaire" by Juliet Wilbur Tompkins on April 1, 1937. This hilarious three-act comedy related the troubles of Gideon Heath, played by Frederick Benedix, who returns home from Australia, sup-

posedly rich, to find himself overwhelmed by attentions lavished on him by his designing relatives. Gideon is somewhat astounded by this unwonted display of affection but is becoming used to it, when the family discovers that he is really penniless and deserts him. He then finds out who his true friends are. At the end he receives an unexpected check, much to his own and his relatives' surprise, and, a rich man, elopes with Dorcas Heath played by Constance Tozer.

As usual the cast was amply compensated for its rehearing and learning of parts by the fun and laughter that took place at rehearsals. Frederick Benedix, the leading man, although hampered by learning a long part and being on the stage almost all the time, still managed to enjoy himself and add to Miss Allen's and Miss Blodgett's cares. Constance Tozer as Dorcas deserves praise for heroically learning to crow like a rooster. She made an ideal heroine, incidentally. The two Loves, Nate and Bob, made rehearsals uproarious when they finally did arrive at them. caused spasms of laughter at dress rehearsals when he appeared in a suit three times too large with a pillow stuffed in the front. "Nate's" wig and make-up were realistic beyond compare, but we noticed that he began to ooze grease-paint at about the middle of the second act from the heat of the lights. Helen Perry as little Blanchette made as precocious a child as one could wish and completely enslaved the audi-Jimmy Comeau, as Johnny, the artist, acted the temperamental artist, although he had trouble with his French pronunciation. Helene Lucey, after acquiring her "grande

dame" manner to perfection, did well in a difficult and unsympathetic part. Mabel Chambers, as the old aunt, was so realistic and did such a fine job of acting that she was given the title of Class Actress. Priscilla Bailey, or Lightheaded Lottie, assumed a soprano voice and a giggle that was apt to sound like a hiccough and fluttered frivolously about the stage.

We wish to thank Miss Allen and Miss Blodgett for their capable and often arduous work of direction. Kathryn Morgan, Business Manager; Margaret Hubbard, Property Manager, and Roy Pickering, Carter Girard, and Victor Boucher, Stage Managers, did all the important tasks behind scenes that are so important to putting on a play. To them we owe thanks for the smooth running machinery during the performance and for the financial management.

So "The Millionaire" passes into the background with the senior plays of other classes, almost forgotten by all except those who took part in it. To them it will be an unforgetable milestone and a happy memory of their senior year.

Alumni News

CLASS OF 1932 Charlotte Smith is graduating from Simmons this June.

CLASS OF 1933

The following are graduating from higher institutions this June:

James Austin, Anne Patch, and Sylvia Todd from Boston University.

John Bialek from Northeastern

University.

Thelma Davis from Salem Commercial.

The following of the same class have completed one, two, or three years at higher institutions:

Lennart Swenson—three years at Boston University.
Ernest Smith—two years at Dartmouth.

CLASS OF 1934

The following are attending higher institutions:

Dana Brown—Salem Teacher's College.

Edith Mansfield—Sargent Col-

lege.

Elizabeth Rand—Burdett.

Amor Scahill — New England Conservatory of Music.

CLASS OF 1935

The following of the class are attending other schools:

Richard Garrett and Thomas Gauld—New England Conservatory of Music.

Henry Cowles-Tufts College.

John Mackerron—M. I. T.

Phyllis Phelan — Framingham Teacher's College.

Barbara Schofield — Wellesley College.

Barbara Woods—Salem Teacher's College.

Howard Merry is serving in the Army.

CLASS OF 1936

The following are attending college:

Doris Arthur—State Teacher's College at Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania.

Jean Austin-Portia College.

Elizabeth Dummer — Miss Wheelock's School.

Ralph Hill — Massachusetts State.

Shirley Knowles—Salem Teacher's College.

Theodore Machaj — Tufts College.

Virginia Patch — The Modern School of Costume and Design.

Robert Perkins successfully passed his examinations for Annapolis and will enter soon.

Ferdinand Wegzyn is attending the School of Aviation at Lincoln, Nebraska.

Donald Gilbert is taking a salesmanship course at the Greenfield Tap and Dye Co.



CLASS OFFICERS

Front row, left to right: Jane Wilson '39, Theresa De Grandpre '38, John Denningham '37; Louise Anzuoni '37, Albert Langmaid '37, Frank Canney '37, Anne Mansfield '39, Theresa Martel '40.

Back row, left to right: Russell Wile '40, Ralph Frazer '39, Delbert Matheson '39, Richard Horton '38, David Smith '38, Samuel Lombard '38, Everett Smith '40, Fred Emerson '40.

MARRIAGES

CLASS OF 1933

Mary Clemeno to Pat Iafalla. Beatrice Mosher to Dean Tupper. Mildred Rogers to Lawrence Meguire.

CLASS OF 1934

Barbara Claxton to John Achramowicz.

Class of 1935

Ruth Greene to Gilbert Hamm. Charles Sayward to Geraldine Torrie.

Margaret Witham to Bert Crosby.

CLASS OF 1936

Barbara Dodge to Everett Holt. Charles Miller to Margaret Estey.

Class Celebrities

Actor Frederick Benedix
Actress Mabel Chambers
Artist Alexander Robertson
Dorothy Richards (Honorable

mention)

mention)

Athlete Alexander Robertson

Author Margaret Hubbard

Baby Robert Love

Best-dressed boy Albert Langmaid

Best-dressed girl,

Elizabeth Witham

Best-looking boy Charles Rhodes
Blusher Stanley Hetnar

Clown Peter Nickolson
James Mavroides (Honorable

Lovers John Denningham and Helen Perry

Most popular boy,

Alexander Robertson

Most popular girl Louise Anzuoni

Musician John Denningham

Orator Robert Bamford

Poet Dorothy Richards

Prettiest girl Janet Barton

Saint Teresa Caputi

Marie Martel (Honorable

mention)

Vamp Constance Tozer

Woman-hater Theodore Karaberis

As the Poets See Us

Florence Alexopoulos — "Laugh and the world !

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

Louise Anzuoni —

"Love in thy youth, fair maid, be wise."

Joseph Atherley —

"To be, or not to be; that is the question."

Priscilla Bailey —

"She lies abed in the morning 'till most the hour of noon."

Robert Bamford —

"Ambition has no rest; the word impossible is not in my dictionary."

Janet Barton -

"And beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful!"

Frederick Benedix —

"Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth."

Mary Blunda —

"Of all our parts, the eyes express

The sweetest kind of bashfulness."

Olga Bokron —

"She is short and dark as a midwinter day."

Victor Boucher —

"Health that mocks the doctor's care."

Frank Canney —

"But show thy blushing beams."

Teresa Caputi —

"But serene in the rapturous throng."

Mabel Chambers —

"Drollest, quaintest of them all."

Aristy Clemeno —

"Seek me in vain and uselessly implore —
I answer not."

James Comeau —

"Strong, manly, true, the tenderness

And pride beloved of woman."

Howard Cowles -

"Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife."

Charlotte Curtis —

"For if she will, she will; you may depend on't,

And if she won't, she won't, so there's an end on't."

John Denningham -

"True love is but a humble, lowborn thing."

Ruth Dolan -

"The glory and the freshness of a dream."

Howard Dorr -

"Faster than his tongue did make offence

His eye did heal it up."

Margaret Elwell -

"Her presence lends its warmth and health

To all who come before it."

Barbara Gage —

"Days of absence I am weary; He I love is far away."

Carter Girard —

"Let prosperity be thy page."

Harold Graham — "Better late than never."

Arthur Grant —

mankamuning a manang manang

"Another paper boy have we As he trudges the miles so weary."

Edith Grant —

"What's to come is still unsure."

Stanley Hetnar — "A blush as of roses."

Margaret Hubbard —

"Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the heart."

Winifred Hwalek —

"What wondrous life is this I lead!"

Theodore Karaberis —

"Make not thyself the slave of any woman."

Bertha Kmiec —

"Brave but modest, grandly shy."

Ethel Lampropoulos —

"A foot more light, a step more true."

George Lampropoulos — "Silence conceals it."

Albert Langmaid —

"A glimmer and then a gleam of light."

Nathaniel and Robert Love -

"Laugh and be merry together, like brothers akin."

Helene Lucey -

"My interest lies not far away."

Mary Anne Martel —

"A grocer's daughter was this lass."

James Mavroides -

"He brought the papers which brought us news."

Kathryn Morgan —

"She has no thought of doubts or

Be but yourselves, be pure, be true."

John Mourikas —

Alexander Robertson —

"Our Captains led us through the frav."

Peter Nicholson —

"Happy those early days when I Shined in my Angel-infancy!"

Mildred O'Malley -

"My true love hath my heart and I have his."

George Paganis —

"A game of ball was his favorite sport."

Helen Perry —

"But there's nothing SO sweet in life As love's young dream."

Elizabeth Pickard —

"Between the two she could not choose."

Roy Pickering —
"'Tis better to have loved and

Than never to have loved at all."

Evangeles Polychronopoulos —

"Oh, could we lift the future's sable shroud."

Edward Prisby —

"His stature tall—I hate a dumpy man."

Sophie Rataj —

"Silence, beyond all speech a wisdom rare."

Angelo Retales —

TITLE TO THE TOTAL STATE TO THE

"And though I hope not hence unscathed to go,

Who conquers me shall find a stubborn foe."

Charles Rhodes —

"An honest man he is and hates the slime That sticks on filthy deeds."

Dorothy Richards —

"Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun

Who relished a joke and rejoiced in a pun."

Ruth Riley ---

"Then be not coy, but use your

And while ye may, go marry."

James Scourletis —

"Just play your part in the world of men."

Charles Short -

"A youth light-hearted and content."

John Swenson —

"But the fellers call me, 'Bill.'"

Constance Tozer -

"Be flirtatious and you'll happy."

Frank Wegzyn —

"To worry and to Waite."

Elizabeth Witham ---

"And when I see that lock of gold."

The Seniors —

"We know what we are, but not what we may be."



CONCERT ORCHESTRA

Front row, left to right: Katherine Player, Lucille Perkins, Grace Jahnke, John Hubbard, Stanley Hetnar, Clifford Miller, Douglas Farquhar, Alberta Dodge.

Back row, left to right: John Denningham, Hope Mansfield, Priscilla Worthley, Robert Clapp, Robert Mullen, John Tougas, Joseph Atherley, William Garrett, Edward Blaisdell, Everett Smith.

Songs Inspired by the Class of 1937

Florence Alexopouplos — "I'm Shooting High"

Louise Anzuoni — "Boston Tea Party" Joseph Atherley — "Please Go Way and Let Me Sleep"

Priscilla Bailey — "There I Go Again"

Robert Bamford — "Till We Meet Again"

Janet Barton — "Sweet Is The Word For You"

Frederick Benedix—"That's What I'll Learn in College"

Mary Blunda — "Italian Street Song"

Olga Bokron — "I'm In a Dancing Mood"

Victor Boucher — "You're slightly Terrific"

Frank Canney — "So Red the Rose"

Teresa Caputi — "Lovely Lady In White"

Mabel Chambers — "Little Old Lady"

Aritsy Clemeno — "Crazy With Love"

James Comeau — "Milkman's Matinee"

Howard Cowles — "Whose Honey Are You?"

Charlotte Curtis — "Don't Give a Good Gosh Darn"

John Denningham — "The Love Bug Will Bite You"

Ruth Dolan — "Smiles"

Howard Dorr — "I 'Kent' Lose That Longing For You"

Margaret Elwell — "Double Trouble"

Barbara Gage — "I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm"

Carter Girard — "Would You?"

Arthur Grant — "Walking In Rhythm"

Edith Grant — "Solitude"

Stanley Hetnar — "Come by my Violin"

Margaret Hubbard — "Love and Learn"

THE THE PARTY OF T

Winifred Hwalek — "You'll Get By"

Teddy Karaberis — "The Gentleman Obviously Doesn't Believe In Love"

Bertha Kmieck — "Alone"

Ethel Lampropoulos — "We Were Dancing"

George Lampropoulos — "Maybe"

Albert Langmaid — "Hey Babe, Hey"

Nathaniel Love — "You Need Sympathy"

Robert Love — "I've Got Rhythm In My Nursery Rhymes"

Helene Lucy — "I've Got Your Future All Planned"

Marie Martel — "Ah Marie, Ah Marie"

James Mavroides — "That's The Least You Can Do for a Lady"

Kathryn Morgan — "K-K-K-Katy"

John Mourikas — "Stout-Hearted Men"

Peter Nickolson — "I Want To Go To the Zoo"

Mildred O'Malley — "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling"

George Paganis — "Swinging the Jinx Away"

Helen Perry — "Sweetheart Let's Grow Old Together"

Elizabeth Pickard — "My Buddy"

Roy Pickering — "Keep the School Fires Burning"

Evangeles Polychrono poulos — "What's In a Name?"

Edward Prisby — "Put On Your Dancing Shoes"

Sophie Rataj — "Lost"

Dorothy Richards — "Old Black Joe"

Angelo Retales — "Old Man of the Mountains"

Charles Rhodes — "Just a Gigolo"

Ruth Riley — "I'm Just a Vagabond Lover"

Alexander Roberston — "Through With Love Affairs"

James Scourletis — "Row, Row, Row, Row, Row, Tour Boat"

Charles Short — "Dream Faces"

John Swenson — "I've Got No Use For Women"

Constance Tozer — "Let's Go Slumming On Park Avenue"

Fred Wegzyn — "I'm An Old Cowhand"

Elizabeth Witham — "Smoke Dreams"

EXCHANGES.

BECAUSE of the confusion attending our entry into the new high school, the "Cub" has not been able to keep up its exchange department as in previous years. We have not been able to continue our relations with distant schools but have confined our activities in this department to the exchange with near-by schools. We gratefully accept and acknowledge magazines from the following schools:

"The Advance"

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Salem, Massachusetts.

The literary department of your magazine is very interesting as are the other departments.

"The Record"

Newburyport, Massachusetts.

Your magazine certainly deserves credit. We have noticed the large poetry departments as well as the editorials. Your magazine has an exceptionally well handled joke section.

"The Aegis"

Beverly, Massachusetts.

Your literary department is well handled. Your magazine is neat and attractive. Your cuts which illustrate the stories are amusing and clever.

"The Punch Harder"

Andover, Massachusetts.

Interesting magazine. The joke section is good. How about more short stories and poetry?

We also received —

- "School Life"—Melrose, Mass.
- "The Pioneer"-Reading, Mass.
- "Crimson and Gray"—Southbridge, Mass.
- "Pike Hi News"—Pikeville, Ky.
- "Brown and Gold" Haverhill, Mass.
- "Blue and White"—Methuen, Mass.
- "Rocks and Pebbles" Rockport, Mass.
- "The Perley Student" Georgetown, Mass.
- "The Red and White"—Rochester, New Hampshire.

JOKES.

Mr. Burke was trying to explain to his geography class what a mule looks like. Finally he summed up the idea with, "It's the same size as a zebra without the sport model."

The economics class was talking about "invisible and "visible" exports.

Hulbert: "If I shipped \$100,000 worth of bonds to England, what would that be?"

Gibbs, wearily: "A miracle."

Miss Arthur, in bookkeeping: "Throw that paper away. Whatever it is, its no good."

Pupil: "With pleasure!"

(It was an afternoon slip from another teacher!)

Fred Benedix, in physics, was experimenting and had a thermometer stuck in hot water. However, it wasn't reacting as he thought it should.

"Mr. Whipple, will you please tell me what's the matter with this thermometer?"

Mr. Whipple came, looked at it a moment, and turning it upside down, said, "Maybe you've got the wrong end in the water, Benedix."

Came the dawn. Fred replied, "Oh I wondered why it was reading so funny!"

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